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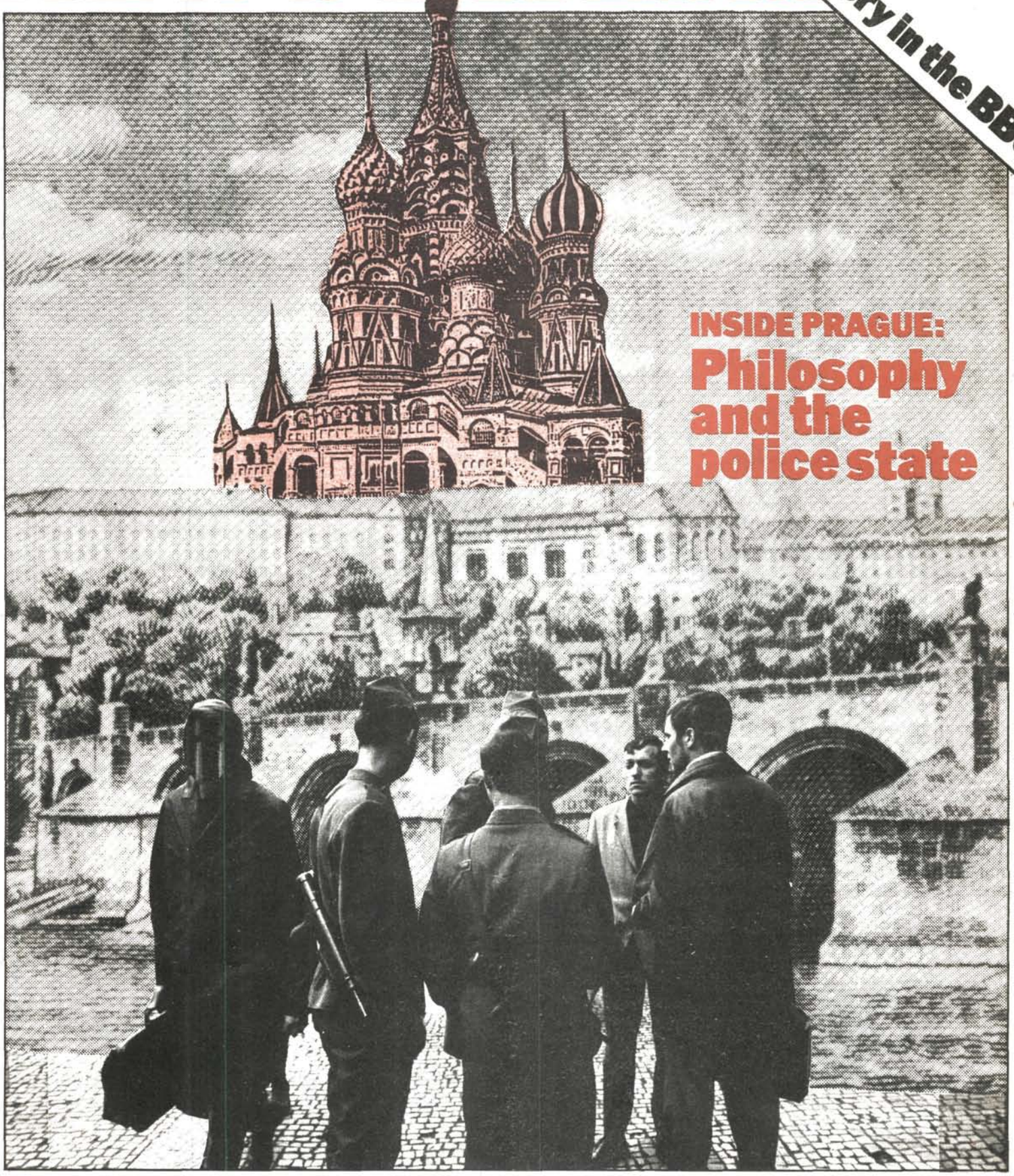

INSIDE PRAGUE: Philosophy and the police state

Mugabe victorious: the white nightmare
Soraya Khashoggi and the spy shop
Spanish fascism: in court with Atocha assassins

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NEW STATESMAN
Vol 99 7 March 1980 No 2555

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NOTES

Silencing the critics

Denys Blakeway writes: Startling evidence of conditions in a British prison's control unit and of attempts to stifle criticism of it came to light this week. It emerged in the High Court case brought by ex-Wakefield prisoner Michael Williams against the Home Office. Williams is claiming that his mental health has been impaired by his experience in the control unit and that the units – now defunct – are *ultra vires*.

The first revelation concerns attempts by Father John Gott, who was Wakefield's part-time Catholic priest to raise the question of conditions in the control units within the prison service. In September 1974 Father Gott wrote to the Rt Rev Mgr A. N. Cunningham saying that the units were un-Christian, an 'affront to human dignity' and 'a scandal in a democratic and free society'. He received a reply admonishing him for the tone of his language and justifying the control unit's existence. Undeterred Father Gott wrote again saying '. . . you cannot defend the present psychological torture of silence imposed for 23 hours a day and make harsh control the only criterion for progress'. He refused to retract his criticisms at a meeting with Mgr Cunningham and the prison authorities.

On 18 October the manager of the control unit responded with a memo sent to the Governor of Wakefield in which he claimed that Fr Gott 'visited the unit on only three occasions' and said 'I take serious objection to the poor professional standards displayed by Fr Gott'. As a result, the Bishop of Leeds, prompted by Mgr Cunningham at the Home Office, agreed to find Father Gott an alternative parish and by the end of 1974, the prison authorities were rid of 'this turbulent priest' as counsel for the Home Office chose to call him. Monsignor Cunningham received a letter from a senior prison officer at Wakefield: 'Thank you for letting me know that Father Gott is on his way. I am grateful for the way you have steered this delicate matter to the right conclusion'.

Evidence has also been produced that shows that the control unit was something more than a tough regime for troublemakers. In addition to the prisoners' records the senior clinical psychologist Dr Philip Holt operated a schedule of 'data collection'. Each day prison officers recorded what they considered to be the degree of the prisoner's mental state. Against descriptions such as 'hostile', 'apathetic', 'ashamed', 'dishonest' and 'abnormal' officers were instructed to tick on a scale the extent of which such behaviour was manifested. Surprisingly all these records were destroyed *after* Williams lodged his case. It is astonishing – and possibly calamitous to plaintiff's case – that the Home Office, usually so meticulous in keeping records, should have seen fit to destroy these, especially as they record the mental state which is at issue in the case. Few psychologists, moreover, would allow the destruction of such basic data.

Scots still want devolution

Bernard Crick writes: The Scottish National Party may be decimated, but the idea of devolution is not, as evidenced by the launching of the Campaign for a Scottish Assembly last Saturday – an event virtually unreported in the press. Seven to eight hundred people filled the Edinburgh Trades Council Hall to hear a platform of speakers from all the political parties. George Foulkes, Labour MP for South Ayrshire spoke first, saying candidly: 'I have been told by a number of my senior colleagues that I am not doing myself any favour be being involved in this movement. But I am here because I believe in the principle of devolution.' Isobel Lindsay spoke for the SNP, Ray Michie for the Liberals, Jimmy Milne as secretary of the Scottish TUC, Jack Ashton from the Communist Party and Helen Millar spoke, if not exactly for the Scottish Conservatives, at least firmly of them, reminding the audience that a third of Scottish Conservatives had voted 'yes'.

Reflecting the mood of the platform, Isobel Lindsay, an SNP vice-chairman appealed for people to work for the maximum agreement possible about the nature and powers of a devolved assembly, leaving for the future whether it would be federal, separate or subordinate. The new campaign's draft programme – to work towards such an agreed model to be put to a Convention of the Scottish people before going to Westminster – was endorsed unanimously. Such happy ecumenical unity was momentarily disturbed by the reminder that it was only the former 30 per cent SNP vote that pushed the Labour government, even half-heartedly, towards devolution.

The same morning the SNP's National Council held its quarterly meeting in Peebles. A bit bloody after their fall from 14 parliamentary seats to two, but still unbowed, they are looking to the local elections to show their continued power. Voting behaviour is, indeed, volatile and in the past the Scots have shown themselves to be canny tactical voters: to vote SNP is not necessarily to be SNP. Scottish national feeling is running high, perhaps higher than ever, whatever people may think about Scottish nationalism. If Tories and Labour do not see this they may be heading for bigger trouble than before: a majority of Scots still favour devolution.

Sir David's boob

John Shirley writes: The Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, Sir David McNee has been forced to make a public apology to a distinguished ex-policeman, following the threat of a libel writ. The affair was provoked by a speech made by Sir David earlier this year to the Glasgow Junior Chamber of Commerce when he spoke proudly of police success in rooting out corruption. He specifically cited *The Times* Enquiry of 1970, as a result of which two detectives went to prison. McNee was boasting that the officer actually *in charge* of the investigation, Detective Superintendent Bill Moody, Head of the Yard's notorious Obscene Publications Squad (OPS), has himself been subsequently jailed for 12 years for corruption. The implication was clear: the Met was very good at cleaning its own stables.

However, in his address, McNee failed to clarify two vital points. First of all, he did not name Moody, referring merely to the 'DCS who was in charge of the investigation'. Secondly, he failed to point out that for the first six months, the enquiry had been run by another (honest) policeman, Det. Chief Sup Fred Lambert. The speech was, therefore, a blatant, if unintentional smear on Lambert's reputation.

Lambert, who retired in 1971 with an exemplary

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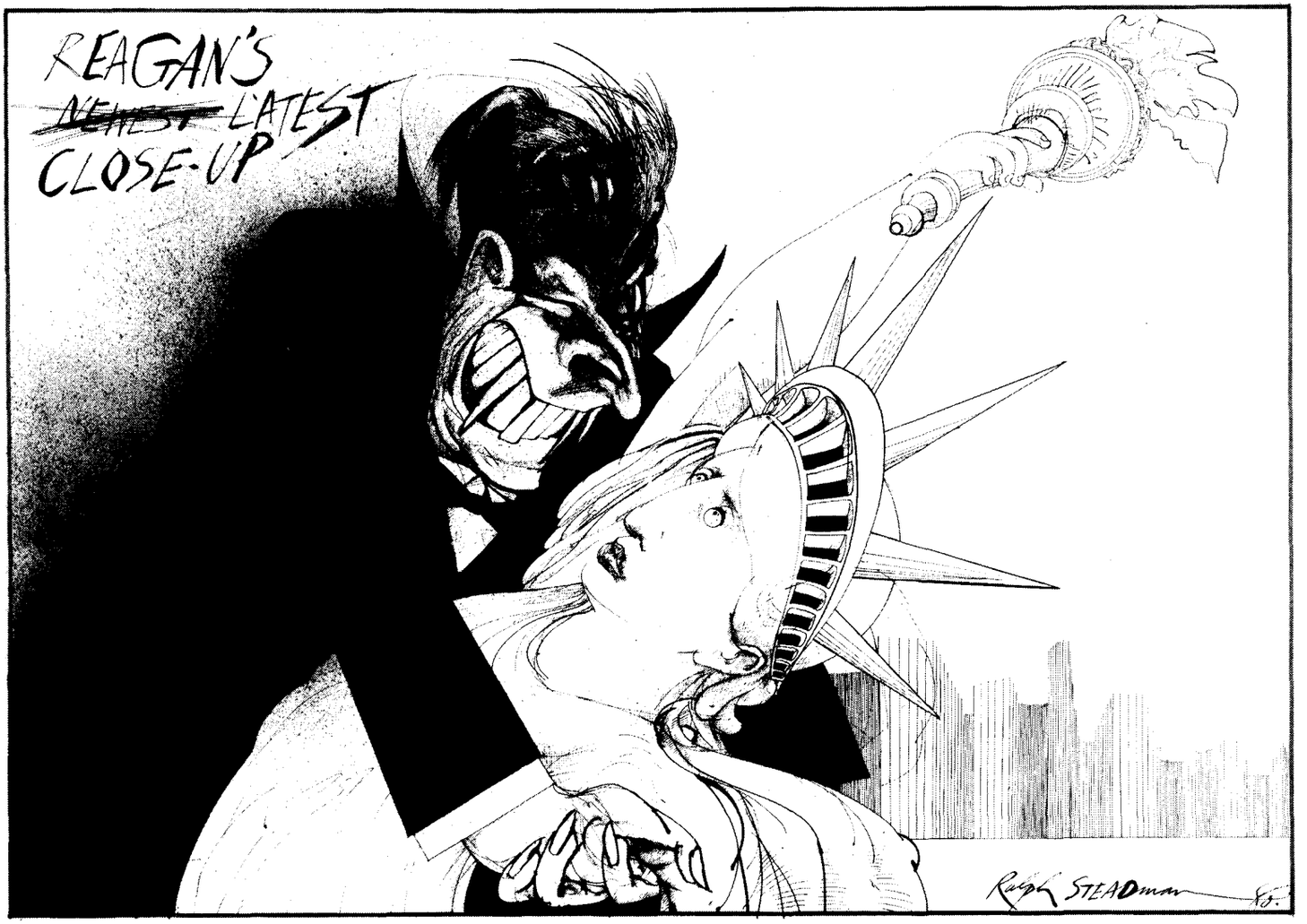

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record and is now a senior business executive was understandably furious and threatened to sue, hence Sir David's apologies in three police magazines and the journal of the Glasgow Chamber of Commerce.

The allegations which Lambert had been investigating (first published in *The Times* in November 1969) were that two London detectives had demanded bribes from a petty South London crook. Lambert quickly discovered a link between the original criminal, a group of other villains, Soho pornographers and the OPS – including, he suspected, Moody himself. On 13 May 1970 Lambert wrote a 70-page memo detailing his concern. He was then taken off the case and replaced by Moody.

The link which Lambert had discovered – a middle-man called Frankie Holbert – was never interviewed, and in 1973 committed suicide by jumping from the balcony of his council flat in Deptford. At Moody's trial in 1977, it was revealed that Holbert had arranged bribe payments between Moody, nine other members of the OPS and a Soho pornographer, Bernie Silver. Had Lambert been allowed to press ahead with the case, the whole sordid story of police corruption would probably have come to light *seven years* before it was finally unearthed. Not quite such a triumph for investigative policemen as Sir David's Glasgow boast.

Mitterrand's road

Michael Anders writes from Paris: Francois Mitterrand has cast into doubt the socialist strategy for government power in France and, in so doing, may have imperilled his own position. For the first time Mitterrand has invisaged the possibility of the socialists governing without a Communist Party. 'Because we are refused unity, we will not exclude the possibility of governing alone', he said, adding in the same interview 'the present positions of the Communist Party leadership run counter' to prospects of a coalition government.

Mitterrand has thus publicly recognised what has long been generally accepted: that since well before the electoral defeat of the union of the Left in March 1978 the Communist Party leadership has, for its own reasons, been sabotaging prospects for a Left government in France, or at least its own role in one.

Within days of Mitterrand's interview, Michel Rocard, his main rival for the leadership, declared himself ready to be a candidate for next year's Presidential elections. After being in the minority since last April because of his 'autonomous' line for the party, Rocard can now claim to have been proved right by the leader himself. On Monday last week he remarked on the 'wisdom' of the April decision to postpone for the meantime choosing the Party's presidential candidate. Rocard, a darkly intense 49 year old, cuts a younger, more charismatic figure against the veteran Mitterrand, who at 63 has repeatedly seen government power elude him and his party.

The centre and the left of the Party, more or less united around the historic leader, have found their views of Rocard confirmed by his long exposure in the media here. He appears, for example, to accept unreservedly the institutions of the Fifth Republic, heavily dominated by the Presidency, and to make a virtue of being able to 'promise little'. They fear that without the Communists, the way ahead is a coalition with the Right. Already the leader of the Left radical MRG party, Michel Crepeau, has said the Rocard declaration may constitute a 'new factor' in the Presidential elections.

Against this somewhat fevered background, the Socialist Party's governing committee met inconclusively last Saturday to consider a text drawn up by the National Secretariat reaffirming opposition to any compromise with the Right. Notably, the text calls for the dissolution of the National Assembly and general elections if a socialist candidate became president in 1981. This is a policy opposed by the Rocard supporters in the party.

Tutors blocked

Rick Rogers writes: Four college tutors made redundant in 1975 after their adult eductation college was shut down following a student sit-in are not to get their jobs back when the college reopens in September. Moves to reinstate or re-employ them are being blocked by the Department of Education and Science (DES).

Fircroft College in Birmingham was set up in 1909 as a Ruskin-type college for working people, by the chocolate family Cadburys, who remain the trustees. It was funded mainly through a DES grant. The students aged between 21 and 57, were all active trade unionists, taking a year off work to follow courses in economics, politics, government, industrial relations, and social sciences.

The 1975 dispute grew out of the authoritarian way the college was being run – for example, college governors dictated how cash for student activities should be spent and failed to consult over the educational programme. In July 1975, the trustees closed the college on the basis that 'trade unionists are ungovernable'. A DES committee of enquiry into the matter published the Leggatt report in April 1976 – of which there were two versions. One was referred to the Attorney General and reckoned to be libellous (of whom is not clear); the other was published only after questions were asked in the Commons, and was then 'laid on the table' without debate or Government acceptance of the recommendations. The Leggatt report criticised all the

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groups involved and recommended the dismissal of the principal and the four tutors – the tutors on the grounds that they had shown no proper sense of loyalty to the college and had been too sympathetic to the students.

The governors decided to make the tutors redundant, rather than dismiss them, at the end of the 1976 academic year. Chairman of the governors, Christopher Cadbury, insisted that the decision was 'not related to the Leggatt report' but was due solely to the jobs having disappeared with the closure of the college. Following the Leggatt report, a small consortium was set up in the college to work out conditions under which the DES would be prepared to restart its grant to the college.

The final agreement worked out earlier this year entailed a new instrument of government transferring powers from the trustees to the governors and a more open governing body, with members nominated from local public bodies.

The outcome of the Fircroft/DES discussions was a reduction of tutoring posts from four to three and a ruling that reinstating the previous tutors was out of the question, though they could apply for the 'new' posts. The tutors, who have been unable to find their jobs in adult education, claim they are entitled to reinstatement.

They also claim that two additional DES conditions were made and relayed to them by the new chairman of the governors, Rev Paul Rowntree-Clifford: that the tutors were not to be re-employed and that there should be no sustained opposition by the trade union movement to the reopening of the college under the new conditions. The Ministers' 'final agreement to resume grant aid will be further dependent on their satisfaction with the terms of the detailed curriculum and with the appointees to the academic staff posts'. If the tutors are offered any of the new posts, the DES will reconsider the grant since it 'cannot be indifferent' to the findings of the Leggatt report.

The Laurence Stern Fellowship

HE NEVER showed any sign of resenting it, but it was in a sense an injustice of history that Watergate happened when it did, at a time when Larry Stern was away from the *Washington Post* on a leave of absence, writing a study of the Cyprus crisis. For Stern was doing investigative reporting at the *Post* long before that was a fashionable or even an altogether acceptable thing to do: his reporting on the Bobby Baker shenanigans in 1963 was not the sort of thing the *Post*'s management particularly enjoyed even before Baker's patron Lyndon Johnson became president.

Not that Stern was an obsessive investigator, incapable of turning his hand to any other kind of journalism; he distinguished himself as a sceptical Saigon correspondent, an inspirational national editor and as perhaps the greatest and the fairest journalistic expert in Washington on all aspects of the CIA. And one of his hobbies was undertaking the higher education of British reporters in Washington.

When he died tragically, while jogging, last summer, several of the obituaries mentioned his special friendship with foreign journalists in Washington in general and British journalists in particular. Probably a good many British editors – both in newspapers and television – never realised how much of the impressive network of connections their men in Washington had acquired came in reality by courtesy of Larry Stern and his open house on 21st Street.

A group of Stern's friends in Britain decided that the best way of commemorating his generous work of higher education was to keep it going. Ben Bradlee, the editor of the *Washington Post*, has agreed to take on one young British journalist each summer to work on the national staff of his paper as a Laurence Stern fellow. (The idea was actually thrown up by another *Post* editor, Dick Harwood.) The fellow will work there for three months, and the intention is that he or she should also be able to travel in the United States for at least another month, perhaps to carry out a reporting project of their own.

There are no restrictions on whose applications will be considered. But whether an applicant works in newspapers, radio or television, staff or freelance, in London or elsewhere in Britain, in order to be chosen he or she will have to be capable of making himself or herself useful on the *Post*'s small national staff, working on important and sometimes difficult stories. The assumption is that journalists in their late twenties with two or three years' experience of national or international stories are most likely to fit the bill, but if a fifty year old freelance from Bolton can convince the panel that he's the right choice, then good luck. The final choice will be made by Ben Bradlee in May, so time is short.

Anyone interested should write as soon as possible, and in any case before 31 March to: The Laurence Stern Fellowship, Department of Journalism, The City University, St John Street, London EC1. They should attach two references, at least one of them from a present or former editor or producer; and send not more than three recent samples of their work. In the case of television or radio journalists, they should either submit a script or cite recent examples of their achievements. The successful candidates will be paid a salary by the *Washington Post* for three months, and will also be provided with travel expenses.

Godfrey Hodgson

JUSTICE 1
Rob Rohrer

An Internal report to be seen by members of the public for the very first time

Judge blows police cover

THE SECRECY surrounding a police investigator's report to the Director of Public Prosecutions is to be broken on the orders of a Liverpool judge, whose decision substantially undermines the Whitehall doctrine of non-disclosure. Over the deaths of Jimmy Kelly, Blair Peach and Liddle Towers the DPP's office adamantly stood by the departmental principle that police reports are closed to the public.

Before last month's Home Affairs Select Committee, DPP Sir Thomas Hetherington argued that non-disclosure is essential on the grounds of confidentiality and finality – the one to protect witnesses, the other to avoid protracted public dispute over a report's contents. The DPP's office also pleads that police reports are documents covered by the Public Records Act which cocoons them in 75 years of secrecy.

Unimpressed by this billowing smokescreen Judge Frank Nance in Liverpool's county court has instructed Merseyside police to release an investigating officer's report on allegations of police brutality in the force's K Division – the same division where Jimmy Kelly died in custody last June. This ruling, although not binding on other courts, breaks new legal ground and the DPP's office confirmed this week that as far as they know it is the first time a police report prepared under the 1964 Police Act has been handed over. The report will be disclosed to lawyers representing the widow of a man said to have been severely assaulted by K Division police.

The repercussions will be immediate and considerable. Following the Kelly inquest later this month the Huyton labourer's family intend to start civil proceedings against Merseyside police in which they too will demand sight of the report prepared by West Midlands Assistant Chief Constable David Gerty. On the basis of this report, the DPP announced there was 'insufficient evidence to justify proceedings against any Merseyside police officer over Kelly's death. The Gerty inquiry attracted controversy on its own account because the Assistant Chief Constable neglected to interview key eyewitnesses who saw the arrest of Jimmy Kelly.

The Liverpool county court judgment concerns a civil action brought by the widow of John Lannon, a 34-year-old Kirkby labourer. He was arrested by K Division officers on 11 August 1975 after a late-night party. About a dozen people living nearby say they saw him kicked and beaten with a pick handle by police and a woman civilian. Eleven hours later he was rushed to hospital by police car for an operation of a punctured lung, and treatment for a broken rib, facial injuries and severe bruising. Lannon has since died of a heart attack.

A detective Superintendent from a neighbouring division investigated Lannon's complaint and his report went to the DPP who decided once again, there was 'insufficient evidence' to prosecute any police officer. The Superintendent's report will be forwarded to Lannon's lawyers in the next fortnight, following Merseyside police's decision not to appeal against the disclosure order. One of the first tests the report is bound to undergo, the one that most troubles the DPP, is comparison with the evidence assembled by solicitors, a private inquiry agent and the *Liverpool Free Press*, a local newspaper that looked into the allegations shortly after the incident.

Judge Nance's ruling on the Lannon case carries considerable weight because it relies upon an important but little-publicised House of Lords judgment last year. In the case of *Waugh v British Railways* the Law Lords considered whether legal professional privilege – which protects confidential matters between client and lawyer – could be invoked by British Rail to prevent disclosure of an accident inquiry report. The widow of a railwayman killed in a locomotive accident was suing BR and sought access to the accident report. BR claimed the inquiry report, as well as being required in the interests of future safety, was also needed because of the likelihood of litigation over the accident. It was therefore, they argued, covered by legal professional privilege.

Unanimously their Lordships swept aside BR's plea and took the opportunity to set down clearer guidelines restricting the protection afforded by the doctrine of legal professional privilege. The protection will only apply if litigation is the 'dominant purpose' for which a report is prepared. 'In my judgment,' said Lord Edmund Davies, 'we should start from the basis that the public interest is, on

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balance, best served by rigidly confining within narrow limits the cases where material relevant to litigation may be lawfully withheld. Justice is better served by candour.' Lord Wilberforce added: 'Justice strongly requires disclosure and production of this report; it was contemporary; it contained statements by witnesses on the spot; it would not be merely relevant evidence, but almost certainly the best evidence as to the cause of the accident.'

Whether or not the Lannon Report constitutes the best evidence, Merseyside police strongly resisted its release. On a technicality they claimed legal professional privilege. Lannon's solicitors, they argued, had sent in a letter of claim for damages within days of the incident. Therefore the ensuing report, even though its preparation is a statutory requirement under the 1964 Police Act complaints procedure, was needed for any possible litigation against the Merseyside police. To that they added a second ground: disclosure would be 'contrary to public policy'.

On the first ground, Judge Nance ruled that the statutory duty meant the report failed the Lords' dominant purpose test, thus depriving it of privilege. On the second ground the judge concluded that if an investigating officer's report was to be treated as a confidential document it was for Parliament to say. Unless Whitehall takes that as a cue to introduce legislative curbs, this increased access to police reports will allow more public vigilance (albeit through the civil courts) when the police are investigating their own. And inevitably the same disclosures will offer a more detailed public inspection of the DPP's decisions in controversial cases.

JUSTICE 2
Anna Coote

Five years' misery for the man who tried to curb drug company's malpractices

The whistle-blower's reward

THE MAN WHO RUMBLED Hoffman-La Roche, the Swiss-based drug company, for unlawful trading practices seven years ago, is still paying dearly for his audacity. In 1975, his wife was driven to suicide and his business plans were ruined; this year he emerged from a second spell in prison and is now desperately in debt – all as a result of the company's retaliatory action. 'For doing my duty', says 53-year-old Stanley Adams, 'I find myself today without work, without income, and with three children without a mother.'*

Adams, who was born in Malta, held a British passport until the island's independence in 1964, and was Honorary British Consul in Columbia between 1956 and 1960. He joined Hoffman-La Roche in the early Sixties and was a senior executive at the Group's Basle headquarters in 1973, when he passed confidential documents to the anti-trust division of the EEC. He alleged that the Group had violated the free competition rules laid down in the Treaty of Rome – first, by operating a cartel with its main competitors, so that each agreed to limit production of vitamins to specific quantities; and, second, by going behind its competitors' backs and offering secret discounts to major customers if they bought exclusively from Hoffman-La Roche. The EEC never took action on the first count (which is denied by the Group) but reached a guilty verdict on the second, imposing a fine equivalent to some £160,000. Last May, the European Court confirmed the decision, rejecting an appeal from Roche. The EEC could not have brought the Group to justice without Adams; but neither the Commission nor the European Parliament has given him the help he urgently requires to keep out of prison and lead a normal life.

Adams resigned from Hoffman-La Roche in October 1973 and moved with his wife and three daughters to Latina, near Rome, to set up a pig farm – a project he had been planning for some time for which he organised grant and loan finance from the Italian government. Returning to Switzerland with his family to visit his wife's relatives on New Year's Eve, 1974, he was arrested at the border and imprisoned. He was charged not only with industrial espionage under Article 162 of the Swiss penal code, but also with disclosure of secrets 'to the detriment of national security' under Article 273, which is designed to deal with foreign spies. Switzerland had signed an agreement with the EEC in 1972, which outlawed abuse by any company in a 'dominant position' (as Roche undoubtedly was) and agreed to provide a Joint Committee of the Swiss Federation and the EEC with 'all relevant information' which could lead to the elimination of such abuse. Yet in convicting Adams in July 1976 and quashing his appeal in April 1978, the Swiss courts asserted the predominance of their own laws over the agreement with the EEC. This remains a matter of dispute between Switzerland and the Common Market.

SHORTLY AFTER ADAMS's arrest, his wife Marilène was interrogated by the police, and led to believe that he would be put away for a long stretch and she might never see him again. She broke down and, on 9 January 1975, hanged herself, leaving notes which said she loved her children very much, but could not face life without him. Adams was released on bail in March that year but did not return to Italy until six months later. There, he found he had acquired a reputation as a 'common spy' among bank managers and government officials, who said they would have to think again about letting him have any money. Though by all accounts an extremely competent businessman, he ran into one problem after another – and usually they were linked with his new-found difficulty in raising funds. In particular, he couldn't get a bridging loan to finance the building of the farm, although it had to be built before he could qualify for the grant and other loans he had negotiated earlier. His residence permit was held up for eighteen months. Unable to earn a living, he fell deeper and deeper into debt. The Italian magazine, *L'Europeo*, published allegations that a very senior Minister in the Italian government, friendly with Hoffman-La Roche, had helped make life difficult for Adams. The editor was promptly fired, but the allegations were not challenged.

Hoping he would find himself in a stronger position if he were a citizen of an EEC country (in 1976 he had been banished from Switzerland and he had only Maltese citizenship), Adams applied for a British passport. But Merlyn Rees, then Home Secretary, told him he would have to stand the same five-year-residence test as anyone else, and refused to make him a special case, in spite of his service as a British Consul.

He appealed to the Socialist Group in the European Parliament for help in securing finance from Italian sources, but to no avail. As his debts piled up throughout 1979, Adams grew increasingly desperate. Last December, what seemed like the final blow fell: he was charged with fraud (on a minor, technical offence) and imprisoned pending trial. A remarkably tenacious and optimistic man, he at last showed signs of losing heart. 'My dear Erich, I am at my end', he wrote to his lawyer on 10 January. 'The Court will come and empty my house of all property and furniture and belongings. Then my children will be out in the cold. . .'

On 21 January, the Legal Affairs Committee of the European Parliament published a draft report on the Adams case. This not only concludes that 'the Swiss Confederation erred in its assessment of the allegations against Mr Stanley Adams', but also recognises that 'the European Community has a particular responsibility to Mr Adams, whose statements enable practices contrary to the EEC-Switzerland trade agreement and the EEC Treaty to be punished and stopped.' The Community must therefore act to help him, it says, by asking Switzerland to take amnesty measures and by 'considering the possibility of making a payment to him from the Community's budget', to make good his losses.

The report will need to be approved by the European Parliament, the Commission and the Council of Ministers before any action can be taken. What will happen to Mr Adams in the meantime is uncertain. He was released from prison two weeks ago, but the charge against him still stands. He is seriously contemplating going into hiding to avoid being locked up again.

* Stanley Adams is the subject of *Real Evidence*, Radio 4, Sunday 9 March, 6.15 pm. Presented by Roger Cook, produced by Ritchie Cogan, research by Sharon Banoff.

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The battle for state power

This Tuesday Harare and Highfield were scenes of jubilation as delighted Africans delivered the black power salute and held aloft dummy AK rifles. DAVID CAUTE reports from Zimbabwe. **Unarmed patrolmen of the British South Africa Police responded with an admirably low profile. Mugabe's astonishing 57 seats, a victory more sweeping than anyone dared to predict, looks certain to result in a renewed Patriotic Front coalition which could leave the Zimbabwean House of Assembly dangerously denuded of credible opposition – 20 white Rhodesian Fronters plus the three members of the Bishop's pulverised United African National Council who survived the holocaust. British hopes of a 'broad based' multi-party, national coalition, in which Mugabe's influence would be stifled, are dead.**

Speaking after the Governor had invited him to form a government, Robert Mugabe once again emphasised the extreme moderation and gradualism of his short-term plans – on this showing he could well be expelled from the Fabian Society. Private property is not at risk; Rhodesia is a capitalist state 'on which it is necessary to build'; one must 'start with existing institutions' and in any case Rhodesia already boasts some 'socialist' economic organisms such as the Grain Marketing Board. Understandably reluctant to provoke security forces into a coup which now seems increasingly unlikely Mugabe refused to be drawn on his future plans for General Walls and the Combined Operations Command, once the General has completed the job the new Prime Minister has given him of integrating the countries' three armies.

The reaction of whites to the election result has been one of shock bordering on trauma. Bus loads of cheering militants are driving through the centre of Salisbury while ecstatic crowds parade the streets with a sense of final deliverance from war and oppression. One white lady told me that Mugabe had promised to abolish Christmas and Easter; another doubted that she could now put her mother into an old people's home since such institutions are abolished under communism. 'Who will maintain law and order?' demanded a businessman, 'standards will go to pot.' A gunsmith snarled 'No comment'. A schoolgirl in a green uniform asked: 'How can they vote for terrorists who burnt down their own schools and houses?''This country has gone.' An insurance clerk wanted to know why 'couldn't they have done all this junketing in 1972 and saved us a war?' A good question for Ian Smith.

Some of the blacks' elation and sense of victory was in the air during polling itself, before the result was known, as I report below.

Popperfoto

BY MID-MORNING the queue outside Harare's main polling station stretches for a quarter of a mile. In rural areas the first light of dawn reveals lines of peasant voters extending to two or three hundred metres. The contrast with last year's 'internal' election is striking – the carnival staged to prove that 'your African' had no sympathy for 'external terrorists' now yields to a definitive demonstration of the popular will. Down the ranks of voters sweeps wave after wave of jubilant crowing and strutting in honour of ZANU PF's symbolic cock. Grim-faced white police reservists recoil into mute gloom. A truckload of black soldiers from the Rhodesian African Rifles proceeds up Jameson Avenue crowing deliriously. White shoppers avert their eyes. Mugabe, secure in the countryside, has clearly stormed Muzorewa's urban stronghold – within hours the Bishop will declare the election a fraud and white citizens will deliver themselves to yet another day of prayer.

In Kambazuma township a circle of young men closes ten-deep round your correspondent. They speak of land, liberation and land again. Two officers of the BSAP scatter the circle with the command 'break it up' but almost immediately it reforms. The young men complain bitterly of constant police harassment. A shell-shocked official of the UANC pushes through the crowd and urges me to inform the world that he is now switching allegiance to Mugabe. The small knots of supporters dancing and chanting their affection for the Bishop are mainly women. Clearly emissaries from the movement have not yet reached these sisters.

The security machine responds with a pantomime display of tanks, armoured vehicles and heavy guns at street intersections and shopping precincts. A middle-aged woman stops me in the street: 'I take my hat off to these fellows.' Housewives and secretaries bring cups of tea to the men of the Rhodesian Light Infantry. 'I'm prepared to give these people one chance, but only one', a trooper remarks. 'We gave them schools and we gave them medicine. We built up this country and I'm not prepared to hand it over to a bunch of gooks.'

Day after day the police empty ZANU PF's headquarters in Manica Road on the pretext of a bomb scare. The police then head for the most obvious place to conceal a bomb, the party's files. Nathan Shamuyirira of the Central Committee is arrested at two in the morning on the flimsiest of charges. The better to protect Mugabe, the army rumbles an armada past his house, machine guns trained over the wall – in the face of all this ZANU PF has developed an almost oriental patience. Mugabe claims that some 10,000 party workers, officials, agents and candidates have been arrested in the course of the campaign. At Chiredzi, in the South-East, journalists witnessed the arrest of two ZANU PF polling agents, David Mashingidze and Amos Vandirai. A dead cock had been nailed to a tree outside the polling station, together with a notice, *'Jongwe* (cock) is dead'. When they noted this down in writing they were arrested – Superintendent Felix Kuttner later explained – under the Miscellaneous Offences Act. Questioned about this, the British Election Commissioner, Sir John Boynton, confirmed that it is not an electoral offence to use pen and paper within 100 metres of a polling station. Next day he reported, with the weary shrug characteristic of British officials here, that the two ZANU PF agents would stay in jail anyway. Such incidents have been the rule rather than the exception.

IN THE EUROPEAN (now called 'commercial'), farming area of Wedza the farmers bring their labour force to the mobile polling station on tractor-drawn trailers. Such is their hostility to the foreign press that one feels like a Yankee carpetbagger among Southern plantation owners as the Confederacy falls. How will their farm workers vote – for the Bishop, surely? 'No idea, they're keeping it to themselves.' But surely they must know that your farms will be collectivised next Tuesday morning if Mugabe wins? Glowering looks. 'If you really want to know the position, what we're afraid of is a minimum wage of $100 a month.' (At present farm workers are lucky to get $20 a month.) Later an apprehensive farmer just in from police reserve patrol duty in Wedza TTL confides that ZANU PF agitators have been emerging from the reserve at night and poisoning the minds of 'our Africans here.'

The farmer leans the barrel of his rifle on his boot. 'I believe we've got to forget the past, we can make a great nation here if we all pull together. But if Mugabe stops all the state credit which keeps these farms here afloat, then he's destroying private enterprise. I've been in this war for six years, we didn't start it, I can tell you, I mean I've seen my friends shot and I'm not prepared to take any nonsense, no way, I mean, next time if these external terrorists try anything we won't be so polite about it. We'll sort those gooks out. You've got to keep on top of these guys. I mean, I believe we have a very special type of black man here in Rhodesia, a very decent bloke, but he wants to be left alone to grow his maize and to sleep and have his wives – we should never have imposed our Western ideas on him. I mean,

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it's the same story in Northern Ireland, isn't it? These people have no excuses at all if we continue to look after them, but they think they can just walk into these farms and take them over.'

South of Salisbury, in the Seki Tribal Trust Land four pleasant members of the police anti-terrorist unit, two of them accountants, one a town planner and the other a trainee jeweller, confess how sick and weary they are of serving 140 days a year in the sticks, living off tinned food. 'Yes, we're certainly afraid now. If Mugabe gets in we don't know what will happen. We've been distributing these anti-Marxist pamphlets but we're not allowed to meddle in politics. These simple people have no idea what communism is. I can tell you, if there's any trouble in Salisbury we'll be out of here and back with our families, orders or no orders.' Would they support a white military coup? A long, rudderless silence follows: they don't know.

THE 270 KILOMETRE DRIVE from Salisbury to the ZANLA assembly point at Delta, close to the Mozambique border, takes one through Mrewa and Mtoko, where the war has been most savage. The blue ribbon of tarmac, kept in perfect repair by the war machine, winds through wild countryside dotted with huge rock kopjies under the vast cloud-flecked African sky. In Delta, a remote camp covering two square kilometres, 2,700 ZANLA guerrillas run up a dirt track in phalanxes of 60 towards the mobile polling station, chanting war cries in unison – *Pamberi Nemugabe* – with the aid of phrases learnt not only in Mozambique (*'Viva', 'Imperialismo'*) but even in Swahili territory. Their wolf-pack howls and grunts would, one suspects, bring little joy to the white suburbs of Gwelo and Umtali.

A most astonishing metamorphosis then occurs. Obediently they halt before the commanding hand of a black sergeant of the BSAP – the very man whom, a few weeks ago, they would have shot down as a 'sell-out'. Dressed in every imaginable garment out of the Portobello Road and carrying – by law – no weapons to the polling station, they stand silent under the indifferent, neutral scrutiny of white officials: it's as if Peter Pan had appeared with Captain Hook's pirates in Wendy's bedroom. Weeded out as possibly under age by election officials (unlike all other male voters the guerrillas carry no identity papers) the kids sit in a meek knot, as humbly accepting of authority as the young Africans turfed out of buses at police road blocks. For a moment, then, the guerrilla is submerged in the world he rose against.

But not for long. Back in the bandits' camp, with its tattered tents and strips of canvas suspended on rough-hewn poles, every man and woman carries an AK rifle (600 of Delta's contingent are female) and outsiders may enter only with the written authority of ZANLA's high command in Salisbury. The atmosphere is tense – they are all aware that the security forces have ringed Delta at a distance of five kilometres and on one occasion attempted to refurbish a minefield only 1,500 metres away. Do they intend to break out of their camp into the impenetrable countryside they know so well? 'We are soldiers,' explains comrade Chris. 'Political soldiers. We follow the orders of the party.' What does he feel about the more than 10,000 guerrillas killed during the past three years? He laughs: 'War is war. In war you are my enemy. I am your enemy. War is war.' Asked any mildly taxing question, regarding, for example, the murder of sell-outs and the closing of schools and dip tanks, comrade Chris responds with a disarming guffaw and the words, 'We are not Russia.'

The fate of these corralled guerrillas could yet be death. As K. N. Malindi, foreign minister in the interim government and a member of Sithole's rump 'ZANU', remarked in Wedza township: 'After next week I expect all the foreigners will have gone and probably we will do a little bit of a bloodbath in this country.' Ominous for ZANLA is the lead taken by Nkomo in integrating ZIPRA units with the security forces – indeed the PF leader joined the Rhodesian army commander, General Macintyre, in inspecting a guard of honour composed not only of ZIPRA but also of the mounted Grey's Scouts who hunted them down on South African horses across the open plains of Matabeleland. Once again the whites are making the smart moves, shrewdly playing on Nkomo's ambitions in order to neutralise Mugabe's vision of a new national army built round the nucleus of ZANLA and ZIPRA.

I HAVE SAID LITTLE about party programmes and ideologies because the overriding issue at this juncture is not a minimum wage, land reform or universal education, but de-colonisation and control of state power. The desperate Bishop has equated free enterprise with Christianity and socialism with rape and has taken funds from CSU elements in Germany and running a red-scare campaign which would make Franz-Josef Strauss blush. Of Nkomo's PF it can be said that white businessmen are prepared to forgive him for shooting down two Viscounts, and that the man in Government House, every time he does his sums on the tablecloth, finds the answer is Big Josh. Much as one admires the intelligence and probity of ZAPU militants who have endured years of imprisonment or exile, theirs is now a party whose only coherent programme is faith in its leader.

As British, Rhodesians and South Africans well understand, ZANU PF represents the closest approximation to a revolutionary party in Zimbabwe. Despite its Fabian manifesto, the Marxist undercurrent runs strong and deep. Having put the war into cold storage, Mugabe, like Kwame Nkrumah before him, will seek first the political kingdom, hoping in the process to avoid the fate of Patrice Lumumba. But if his followers are denied their inheritance there will be violence. More than once I have heard in the streets and countryside: 'ZANU is the people, opposition to ZANU will be treason against the people.' This is not a party dedicated in the long term to electoral democracy, and the constant invocations to the Comrade President, the Central Committee and the High Command sound ominous.

Yet Mugabe himself is a man of exceptional calibre and integrity who may succeed in checking the more intolerant elements within his ranks. It is symptomatic of the imbecility prevailing within the white mental laager that every other white dreams of shooting the man most likely to fashion an African society in which Europeans with badly needed skills can work in peace and prosperity.

Academic Freedom starts here

In the first of a major series of articles on academic freedom worldwide, Kenneth Minogue, reader in Government at the London School of Economics and Political Science, and John Griffith, Professor of Public Law at the University of London, discuss this important issue.

Also in this week's Times Higher Education Supplement:

* Amartya Sen discusses Economics Journals.
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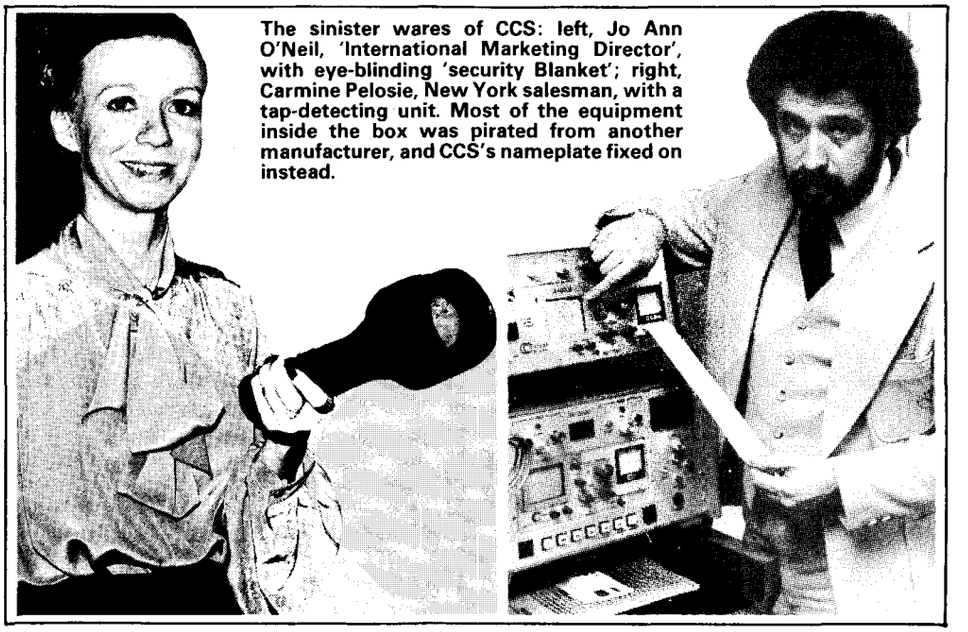
Spooks, crooks and bunglers

MANY OF BRITAIN'S private security companies, who have been loudly offering their wares in the wake of the NEW STATESMAN's revelations about tapping and bugging, fall into three categories. There are the spooks – who can do the job but are basically front organisations for intelligence services; the crooks – with links to organised crime, or offering useless services; and the bungling amateurs – who'd like to do the job but can't. MARTIN TOMKINSON uncovers the trail of a leading contender in the second category: Mayfair's new 'Counter Spy Shop'.



The sinister wares of CCS: left, Jo Ann O'Neil, 'International Marketing Director', with eye-blinding 'security Blanket'; right, Carmine Pelosie, New York salesman, with a tap-detecting unit. Most of the equipment inside the box was pirated from another manufacturer, and CCS's nameplate fixed on instead.

A NEW YORK company and a US businessman with a long and disreputable record are behind the 'Counter Spy Shop' now operating at 62 South Audley Street, London W1. The company, Communications Control Systems Inc. of Lexington Avenue, New York, and its President, have had links to organised crime, have been involved in the sale of bugging equipment and offensive weapons, and offer security equipment for sale which is incapable of doing the advertised job.

The president of CCS is a 47 year old businessman of Yemeni descent, Ben Jamil. Mr Jamil has been in this line of business for almost 20 years, has gone through numerous lawsuits and bankruptcies, and has had considerable trouble with authorities on both sides of the Atlantic. Recently CCS have been in trouble again. The company were appointed 'exclusive official suppliers' of security equipment to the Winter Olympic Games at Lake Placid. (This honour is purchased with a substantial donation to the cost of the games, and is not awarded on merit.) Then, last month, the New York Senate Committee on Organised Crime published a report on Jamil. They severely criticised the Olympic Committee for not investigating Jamil's chequered past. The Lake Placid cachet has now been withdrawn. An advertisement for this company was mistakenly accepted and published recently in the NEW STATESMAN.

Jamil started business in the late '50s as a taxi driver and furniture salesman. He moved into bugging via the sale of antique-style telephones, and set up International Telephone Supply Inc. in 1962. By 1965 his business had expanded and he was a well established salesman of bugging and tapping equipment. In 1966, he was indicted before a grand jury for bugging offences; however, the law was uncertain and the charge had to be dismissed.

But his loud and noisy promotion of bugs earned him the title in the US of 'Bugman'. He attempted to move over to Britain, and arranged to exhibit his wares at the US Trade Centre in London, which stages regular security shows. The Postmaster General, Anthony Wedgwood Benn, forbade the demonstration of the devices, which use radio signals to transmit overheard conversations from a room to a remote listening post. (A Post Office licence was required.) Nevertheless the show went ahead, promoting a subsequent crackdown on the general sale of such devices.

The effect of Jamil's activities in the US was even more startling. A 1968 law, the Omnibus Safe Secrets and Crime Act, made bugging illegal except for strictly supervised government use. Some part of this prohibition was due to Jamil's prolific bug marketing ventures, which he has on occasion claimed to have been a public service. In line with this philosphy, he then proclaimed himself a manufacturer of 'defensive' equipment for protecting privacy. On this occasion, however, the poacher has turned gamekeeper only to ensure a bigger haul of the loot.

JAMIL SET UP his first 'Spy Shop' in London 12 years ago. But the venture foundered financially. By 1970, his first major company, Continental Telephone Supply Inc., was put into bankruptcy. Investigations then uncovered one of Jamil's more unusual forms of finance; money had been supplied to him through one Jerry Daniels (a colourful character of the New York underworld, best known as 'Pat George, the Sex King of 8th Avenue'), and the money had originated with the M & M Trading Company. The principals of this outfit were Ben Cohen and Matthew 'the Horse' Ianiello, a leading member of the Frank Tieri Mafia 'family'.

A chain of related 'Contel' companies had been run by Jamil during the '60s, whose operations are not entirely clear. But one of the more interesting of Jamil's network was British Imports, Inc., which brought British bugs into the US. According to an official US report on Jamil and CCS obtained by the NEW STATESMAN, this company

> was involved in importing recording equipment and listening devices and other components.

In the wake of the 1968 US legislation, US bug manufacturers had either to turn to full-time government work, or go underground. Britain, Germany and Japan thus became important alternative sources of electronic surveillance devices for private users and organised crime.

With Continental Telephone Supply bankrupt, Jamil's fortunes slumped. Our report shows that by then Jamil had chalked up at least 18 lawsuits with claims of over $45,000. A new venture called Micro Security was unsuccessful. But he began to pop up again in Europe and the US in 1972. His new company was Communications Control Corporation, Inc. A wide range of products for 'protecting privacy' were pumped out. Most of their equipment was worthless (and much still is), designed to appeal to the paranoid executive but unlikely to provide any actual security.

The major lines included equipment for detecting taps, including the 'Wiretap Trap', the 'Universal Executive Service Line Tap Defeat' and the 'Telephone Bug Detector'. Many of these featured absurd switches which were supposed to be able to switch the tap on or off electronically. A recently advertised model, type B409, is claimed to detect 'virtually any tap' and has a 'precise digital readout to eliminate any guesswork'.

These devices can detect virtually no taps, however. The early models with the 'tap on/tap off' switches were worse than useless since customers who were tapped might think they were secure. The special switch could stop taps only on very rare occasions, although it was rather more efficient as a means of using the phone system without payment. The tap detectors could detect no officially placed taps, and no private taps of good design. 'Digital readout' offered only the facility to obtain a precise and irrelevant measurement of telephone voltages, which gives no clue as to tapping taking place.

CCC's (and now CCS's) supposed bug detectors are just as bad. Lights concealed in 'handsome walnut' boxes will, in theory, discretly alert the executive to a visitor arriving to plant a bug. In practice, such 'detectors' are likely to be just as receptive to local radio stations or passing taxis as to bugs. And they are quite likely not to detect a bug not placed conveniently next to the detector. Many types

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of bugs could never be detected at all by such equipment.

COMMUNICATIONS CONTROL CORPORATION Inc. soon ran into similar problems to Jamil's previous ventures. The lawsuits mounted up; by 1975, he had passed 40 suits and claims topped $90,000. CCC went bankrupt. The same year, he set up a new venture retailing precisely the same products, Communications Control Systems Inc. His hyperbole became more intense; recent sales literature now claims

> close to 50 years' experience . . . a worldwide leader in the vital field of security and privacy protection.

British and American security authorities now consider CCS to be a menace. New financing from the Middle East and a considerably more sophisticated new range of offensive and surveillance equipment, the company's unscrupulousness, and, at least, historical Mafia links have created an undeniably potent threat to security and privacy in several countries.

CCS rapidly moved back to Britain. In 1977 Jamil staged a large show at the US Trade Centre's biennial security exhibition. An office was set up in Belgravia, at 13 Wilton Mews, SW1, and the registration of a British CCS subsidiary soon followed. The Wilton Mews office was raided by a team from Scotland Yard during 1977, after they had received allegations that the company had been illegally importing and offering for sale exotic offensive weaponry – particularly the Taser, a pyrotechnic gun which fires an electric barb wired into a high voltage shocking device. The police raid also discovered CS and Mace gas spray cannisters. The illegal devices were confiscated but charges did not follow.

This raid has recently been denied by the company, and the Scotland Yard press office say they cannot find any details. However, CCS's International Marketing Director, Ms Jo Ann O'Neil, confirmed, during questioning at a Counter Spy Shop press conference last October, that there had been at least one raid. Police sources suggest that the raid was carried out by a high level security team including the Special Branch and the Anti-Terrorist Squad.

The Yard were long familiar with Jamil; in his Spy Shop venture of the '60s, he had offered tear gas sprays, tapping kits, and an electric 'Shock Rod'. Plain clothes police have visited the Counter Spy Shop on several recent occasions posing as potential customers.

In Washington, CCS's local office was recently raided by the District of Columbia Police on suspicion of possession of illegal wire-tapping equipment. In March 1979 US Customs officials seized a CCS shipment destined for Saudi Arabia via London. The equipment was not being provided to the Saudi government; some of the electronic equipment, it was feared, might fall into the hands of terrorist organisations. Remarkably, a diplomat employed by the US-government-backed Organisation of American States' Brazilian Section was acting as the forwarding agent for the shipment. The goods included miniature microphones, night vision telescopes, bomb sniffers, telephone scramblers, 'Tasers' and tear gas sprays.

THE NEW LONDON office which CCS set up in 1977 gives some clue as to the source of the finance which has boosted Jamil's fortunes from shaky near-bankruptcy in 1975 to an alleged $20 million dollar turnover last year. The Wilton Mews site, it has now been discovered, was owned by Adnan Khashoggi, the wealthy Saudi Arabian-based arms dealer and entrepreneur. Both Khashoggi and the Shah of Iran were among CCS's new customers. The provision of the Wilton Mews house strongly suggests that Khashoggi has provided at least some of CCS's backing.

Khashoggi's estranged wife, Soraya, told us that one of her ex-husband's colleagues, Bob Shaheen, had introduced Jamil to her as a close confidante. Latterly, Mrs Khashoggi (in whose name the Wilton Mews House was in fact registered) has sued CCS for £4,500 rent arrears. Last year, she obtained a possession order, forcing the company to move out to their present shop.

The considerable amount of money which has evidently been put into the CCS business has resulted in an enlarged and considerably more sophisticated product range. Some are the old products – bugs sold under another name – while other new products have a disturbing potential for criminal use.

For example, the Master Counter-Terrorist-Surveillance System marketed early last year is merely an expensive bumper suitcase full of bugging and telephone tapping equipment. Although sold from their New York office, its use or sale inside the US would be illegal. A junior bugging set is sold as a 'flawless memory' for bugging one's own conversations. A simple telephone tap, called the 'Telephone Spy', is promoted for users to:

> monitor all telephone calls made by an employee or spouse without his/her knowledge.

Other covert surveillance devices offered in CCS's catalogue include an 'Undercover Broadcast Surveillance System', a 'Covert Camera Spy System CCS II' , and a 'Security Recording System STR440' for 'candid surveillance'. CCS's claims to be protecting privacy are wholly destroyed by examining the literature and products which they keep under their counter.

Other devices have more sinister potential use. The 'Electronic Handkerchief' equipment transforms someone's voice electronically so that they cannot be recognised on the phone. The device is of clear value for anyone wishing to make anonymous, threatening or blackmailing phone calls; innocuous uses of the device, except as a toy, are hard to imagine. The CCS Counter Spy Shop is still selling one unpleasant offensive weapon, which they call the 'Security Blanket' – a light gun which induces 'temporary blindness for three to four hours', according to Ms O'Neil. It would appear to more or less burn out the eyeballs of the victim, with unknown long-term consequences. The device is clearly of at least as much use to an assailant as to a potential victim.

Another intriguing feature of CCS's new range of equipment is the number of items which have been pirated. Genuine electronic analysis equipment of some complexity, made by reputable US manufacturers, such as the Hewlett Packard Corporation, is repackaged into CCS boxes, together with a new front plate from which the original manufacturer's name has been removed. This has happened to at least three of the company's most expensive current items of security equipment.

The gear does not come cheap. A 'Telephone Analyser', for example, costs more than $27,000. Few items are less than $1,000 each. CCS has also sought to have its customers pay for sales talks; when it exhibited at the US Trade Centre in London in 1977, its representative James Smythe sent out an invitation to businessmen to attend a 'Private VIP seminar and training session' at a price of $1,000 for a single day. The seminar merely consisted of a lengthy demonstration of all CCS's equipment.

The gear does not, as we have suggested above, work well. Among seriously dissatisfied customers are the Greek government, for whom CCS installed bugging equipment in the mid-'70s. It didn't work, to the embarrassment of the Greek government and others.

Concern at this unconvincing record is not lessened by job advertisements placed on behalf of CCS by Ms O'Neil. When she advertised for a sales person last December, the ad noted:

> No technical experience or knowledge required.

Which does not suggest that the quality of service will get better.

The basic problem is that growing official and unofficial electronic surveillance creates, of necessity, a wide market of people interested in preventing such intrusions. The electronic gimmick merchants like CCS do well by first stimulating and then cashing in on such fears, but they provide no safety whatsoever, and their costly gadgetry is strictly reserved for the very wealthy. This need be no drawback to trades unionists and others worried about the clandestine activities of MI5 and the Special Branch. According to the police's own 'debugging' experts in Scotland Yard's C7 branch, such gadgetry is superfluous. One leading specialist, who has found a number of bugs at such places as the home of former MP Maureen Colquhoun, says that the best device for finding bugs is the 'Mark One Eyeball'. The next most useful implement, he suggests, is a screwdriver.

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Inside the Security State

Julius Tomin is the intellectual prime mover behind the 'Patocka University', or 'parallel university' in Prague. Western academics visiting Czechoslovakia have been startled by the ability of Tomin and his students – many of them young workers, with limited formal training – to bring the philosophical texts of classical Greece back into passionate life. Tomin has been excluded from the official university system, and the voluntary members of the 'parallel university' have been elaborately persecuted by the security apparatus. Tomin himself has not so far played a very direct part in politics – although his wife is an important member of the Charter 77 movement, and associated with the Committee to Defend the Unjustly Prosecuted (VONS). Here Julius Tomin, by way of an analysis of the relationship between Plato and Marx, gives a haunting account of existence inside the security cocoon.

ON FRIDAY 2 NOVEMBER 1979, twelve men were detained by the agents of the public and secret police in Prague. The detentions were formally based on article 7, paragraph 1 of the Penal Code, allowing criminal proceedings against those suspected of preparing terrorist acts. 'It was established' – I quote from the search warrant – 'that on 28 October 1979' (*Tr: anniversary of the foundation of the Czechoslovak Republic*) 'a person still unknown posted an anonymous letter expressing the intention to damage the socialist system of state and society by the destruction of an important object in the capital city of Prague and/or by the killing of the President of the Republic'.

'Given the necessity to clarify all the circumstances of this case', continues the warrant, 'materials and important items connected with the preparation of the crime' were confiscated during the searches. These included for example: wedding photographs of one of the detained; photographs of the deceased President, L. Svoboda, and of the current President, Dr G. Husák; typescripts of a debate on structuralism between Lévi-Strauss, R. Belour and N. Ruwet; letters to the Prosecutor General; materials of Charter 77 and of VONS (Committee to Defend Unjustly Prosecuted); photographs of the ten arrested members of VONS, and so on.

The detained were questioned in the following manner: 'How did you obtain the materials found here?' 'Give us the names of persons from whom you obtained them! We know that you have contacts with VONS – give us the details!' Those of the detained who participated in the unofficial course in philosophy were asked, 'whether the course discusses theoretically the problem of terrorism.'

The course used to take place in my own flat but now that this is no longer possible it takes place in Ivan Dejmal's flat. Dejmal, like all the others, was detained 'on suspicion of preparing the criminal act of terror'. One of the interrogators assured him that the security forces would stop the course 'with maximum publicity – so that everybody in the flats would know what kind of charlatan philosopher they have there.'

I WAS NOT among the accused and I do not wish to speculate on what it means to be detained on a charge of 'preparing acts of criminal terror.' I don't wish to write about the question I asked myself: that is, what shall we succeed in doing if the police become really serious about the proceedings? Years of repression and persecution have exacted their toll. Years of futile attempts to address openly our legal, judicial and governmental institutions have eroded belief in the worthwhileness of any such attempt to force the organs of security and justice to respect and apply the law. In the end 'all was well.' The detained spent 48 hours in the cells of the Central Police Station. They were then taken to Ruzyně prison where their hair was cropped and they were released. I don't want to write about what having one's hair cut against one's will means in terms of loss of human dignity. Neither do I want to write about what it means for the future of this country if the majority of citizens reach the conclusion that any attempt to take a stand against the licence of the Security is sheer madness and cannot lead to anything but the escalation of repression. I want to discuss another aspect of the whole affair, namely the arbitrary handling of concepts. Here, the arbitrary treatment of concepts goes hand in hand with the arbitrary treatment of reality; above all, the people.

The relations between concepts and reality, between changes in concepts and changes in realities are the subject of many specialised treatises. I have studied Greek literature and so it happened that it was Thucydides who drew my attention to this problem. In his study of the Peloponnesian Wars, he discusses the revolutions that befell Greek communities during the Wars:

> Revolutions have always brought great suffering to communities. This was always the case and will continue to be so for as long as human nature (*physis*) remains unchanged. . . . Revolutions inflamed communities and in places where they happened to be experienced later, where people had only heard about the previous ones, the excesses were correspondingly greater, the ideas more radical, the actions more insidious and the forms of revenge more sophisticated. The recognised and experienced relations between words (*onomata*) and actions (*erga*) changed. Reckless bravado began to be mistaken for the courage of friend and ally. Prudent circumspection began to be called the acceptable face of cowardice. Reasonable moderation and restraint (*to Sophron*) was labelled the camouflage of cowardice. An ability to consider all aspects of a situation was considered an inability to act.

I mentioned the arbitrary use of the word 'terror'. It is a Latin word connoting fear, horror, alarm and panic. The Security accuse young people of 'terror' in order to evoke fear and consternation in them, their associates and those who will hear of it. Here we have an inversion of the relation between word and action and so, like Thucydides, I too have a reason to suppose that such an inversion reveals something fundamental about our society.

I will give further examples – this time from my own experience. Instead of the word *terror* it will be the usage of the word *fascism*.

It was not my decision which excluded me from the academic institutions of this state. I never felt the need to refuse a place at the university or at the Academy of Sciences. In fact, apart from four years of research in the philosophy faculty of Charles University, no such place was ever offered to me. After I finished my research I applied for the position to which I am entitled. When no academic post was offered to me I went to work as a labourer in a power station. Even then I tried to make contacts with the philosophy faculty and the Academy.

My attempts to establish academic cooperation were rejected – our learned institutions do not talk with workers. When the Institute of Philosophy and Sociology advertised a post which was close to my philosophical interests, I took part in the competition. When several months ago I heard from the Friedrich-Ebert Foundation in West Germany that they would give me a scholarship for my work, I visited the Institute to inform its officials of the scholarship: namely that it pertains to my

Julius Tomin

Plastic People Defence Fund

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work here, and not abroad; that I wish to use the time which the scholarship gives me to the best effect; that I would welcome any help from the Institute; etcetera. The Institute reacted sharply.

On what basis have you received the scholarship?

I don't know, maybe because I engage in academic work.

That is provocation.

What is provocation?

They do not fulfil the agreements. They have not discussed the scholarship with us. They should have negotiated with us!

Which agreements do they not fulfil? For ten years I have tried in vain to get help from you. Have you even made an agreement with West Germany that it cannot give scientific scholarships to any of those who you have decided shall not work?

This is fascist provocation!

THIS WAS NOT the first time that I have encountered the label of 'fascist'. I don't know whether this is mere accident, or whether it's a result of party instruction. Recently I was invited to the apprentice school of the Svoboda national enterprise, where my elder son, Lukáš, learnt the trade of bookbinding. The principal of the school presented me with an agreement for Lukáš' dismissal, which I was to sign. It was based on the claim that Lukáš refused allocated work, and undermined the morale of fellow-apprentices. I refused. The principal was enraged.

You've no gratitude at all. Have you forgotten how everywhere they refused to take your son? We took care of him. He could have taken a different road from yours. We would have even enabled him to study an evening A-levels course. . . . To what are you inciting him?

I asked to what am I inciting my son?

When he was with the hop-picking brigade, he refused to work longer than eight hours, claiming that it is against the youth labour laws. Can a sixteen-year-old boy come out with such things from his own head? (*Trs. note: supposedly 'voluntary' labour brigades of young people are now used frequently as cheap or unpaid seasonal labour in agriculture.*)

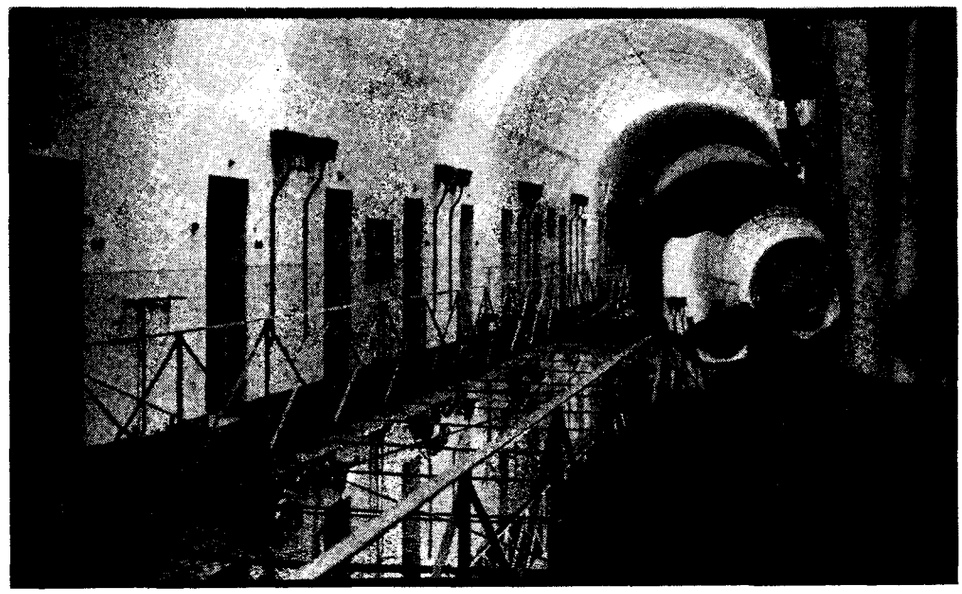
The principal's deputy interrupted him:

It's that America! They were in America! Freedom! They've got the idea in America!

I said that the 'agreement' was untruthful, and that I knew about the occasion when Lukáš refused to work. It was during the 'coal holidays'. (*Tr: 'Uhelne prazdniny' means 'no fuel – no classes'. It often means no holidays also, and effectively forced labour instead.*) Instruction was suspended and apprentices used as poorly-paid skivvies. I have reason to believe that this wasn't within the framework of the apprenticeship, but rather a case of misuse of youth labour. I asked the principal to call some other apprentices to tell us something about the kind of work they had to carry out during the 'coal holidays'.

You want to interrogate me? Why, you are a leader of Chartists! You're a fascist, a Gestapoman!

The use of words cannot be taken lightly. They are not 'just words'. Words like *terror* and *fascist*, words like *enemy instructions*, and *subversion of the Republic* enable the Security and courts to use any kind of repression against those who are trying to live freely in this land. In his defence, during the trial of six VONS members, Václav Havel showed that what enables the court to pass sentence is neither the actions nor the words of the defendants themselves, but solely words employed by the prosecution.



Collage: Ivan Hartel

It is interesting to monitor the shift in the usage and therefore in the meaning of words, so characteristic of our times, not only in cases when state power uses words *against* people but also when it describes itself. *Security* is the word which describes the situation in which a human being feels safe and free from danger.

Throughout history, human beings have felt threatened by state power and dreamt of ways to create a community in which they would feel content and secure. The idea which came to the forefront of socialist theories was that human society can only become a community of free people, able to live full lives, when state power, as such, is abolished. The conditions for the undisturbed development of man and his capacities can be secured only as the state withers away – that will be communism.

When the revolutionary changes took place in our country . . . it was thought necessary to take the first steps towards the Marxist-Leninist goal – the withering away of the state. So, the police-force was changed to become the Corps of National Security. Face to face with the changed power structure, the citizens were to feel secure and protected.

WHEN I GO out of the door of our flat I bump into Security. Four months ago members of Security carried their table and two chairs into the third floor of our flats, right in front of our doors. Against our will, two of them stay there twenty-four hours a day, in four-hour shifts. Were we to own a private house with a garden, they would stay in their car outside the garden gate, but since our block is the property of the socialist state, the Security treats it as its own.

The Security does not interfere in our flat but its presence outside the doors has changed everything within. I start to play with my ten-year-old son, Mark, but only because I forget for a while about Security. The moment I realise that they are outside the door, through which every word is heard, let alone shouts and laughter, we stop.

I like to sing – but I don't sing well. I used to sing when no-one was home. I start to sing – then I realise that Security is outside and I stop singing. My wife and I start talking but inevitably the ears of Security intrude. Our words sound artificial. We become unwilling actors in front of an unwanted audience. The possibility of being alone with each other and therefore of being ourselves is taken away from us. Everything is changed at home. Every room, every piece of furniture and every object has a breath of strangeness.

THE SECURITY which has penetrated our lives is not merely a superficial irritation. It threatens the very foundations of my quest for my own place in the world. I will try to explain.

Plato gave mankind a vision of the philosopher-ruler. It is based on fairly simple concepts: power which is not guided by knowledge is blind and destructive; it can be of no real use to anyone who does not understand the meaning of a virtuous life; it will destroy the society which is ruled by it, destroy those close to the ruler and, above all, it will destroy the ruler himself. Only the knowledge of Good and Truth enables one to return power to its rightful place, to change it from a purely destructive force into an instrument for forging a well-ordered society and the means of achieving a virtuous and happy life. The correct perception and use of power requires knowledge. It is therefore knowledge which bestows the right to govern.

Although there are many differences in content (Plato saw reality only in what is immutable and Ideal; Marx only in what is historical and material) Platonism does have something in common with Marxism. Marx perceived that capitalist society, created by the free play of economic forces, contains within itself the elements of its own destruction. The production of goods, which should merely fulfil the needs of material existence, has become an end in itself, man becoming merely the means for creation of an abstract value – capital. It is necessary radically to change the world, and the key to such a revolutionary change is a true theory of reality and its dynamics. Marxism discovers the motive force of revolution – the proletariat – and unites with it. After the revolution Marxism provides legitimation for the most developed representatives of the victorious proletariat to rule the society. Just as in Plato's ideal state, the possession of proper theory authorises those who will rule and govern.

As attempts to gain knowledge about the world, Platonism and Marxism are poles apart in content. So, what could be the meaning of

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that small agreement in form: that the correct view of the world – the scientific world-view – gives the right to govern?

An answer comes to mind. Just as Plato found it necessary to exclude from the community of his Republic the artist, the fashion-monger and the purveyor of unacceptable myths, so, in pursuit of Marx's vision of communism as the liberation of all creative forces, it became necessary for the authorised vanguard of the working class – the Communist Party – to exclude from participation in government all those who, because of their class origin, were unqualified to direct the society.

Especially dangerous were those who paid lip-service to Marxism, but in reality tried to revise it and dilute it with divisive foreign elements. It soon became apparent that new and spontaneous forms of cultural expression, beginning with dress and hair-style and ending with poetry, song and dance, pictures or sculptures, were especially dangerous for the journey of the people towards communism.

As it was very difficult to recognise who was a true Marxist, it was necessary to find a simple, accessible and practical criterion. In Marx's attempt to find a theory which would enable man to change the world and to create conditions for his own full development within a framework of free interpersonal relations, the destruction of all forms of idealism played a central role.

Crucial above all was the unmasking of the true nature of religion – 'the opium of the people' – which inculcated passive resignation in the face of poverty, repression, lawlessness and bondage. So faith in God, belief in the after-life, the burden of idealism – these were the issues on which people could be examined during interviews and vettings.

It was possible to see with one's own eyes who still went to church; it was possible to hear with one's own ears, among neighbours, friends and even family, whether those who stopped going to church had really departed from their misguided beliefs and prejudices and whether their conversion to the scientific world-view was complete.

The problem of good government is a pressing one today, but I do not want philosophy to provide me with a solution, or credentials to be a ruler and so to propagate the Platonic 'Noble Lie'. I see in philosophy the possibility of living freely, but when I speak about living freely I don't mean some absolute freedom, but simply the freedom of law. I should be able to speak as I think and to act as I feel is correct. I should be able to relate responsibly to my words and actions, and not to have to disguise them.

Confronted with power I should not have to produce some other persona, some other face, some other morality. I do not think one can do this with impunity. I do not believe one can maintain two faces without losing inner unity. One cannot 'lie' face-to-face with power – even if 'they don't deserve anything better' – without one's inner truth suffering.

Philosophy which becomes the base of a free life poses a problem for the state power – how to rule free people. Charter 77 has turned this dilemma into a problem which encompasses the whole society and which is beyond the capacities of the present power in this state to solve. To resolve this difficulty the power would have to change internally.

However, instead of this necessary inner change the power ostentatiously flaunts its repressive mechanisms. It economises on medicines, on children's clothing and on pensions but, when it comes to curbing the activity of people trying to live a little freely, it spares neither expense nor effort. When it does not succeed in destroying one's integrity by external limitations, it seeks to undermine it from inside.

The Security outside our doors is not merely an external restriction of our freedom against which one can successfully build an internal freedom. The Security controlling all our visitors penetrates into our relationships with other people and into the most intimate recesses of our own lives. Is it possible in such a situation to maintain the search for a philosophy which would give one the strength to live freely in this society? With every freely said word and with each freely taken step we invite each other to a free life – with all the implications that the refusal of such an invitation has for every one of us. Can we, in the given conditions, relate to each other responsibly and at the same time invite one another to a free existence?

I MET TWO FRENCH people in the Café Slavia, Catherine Samary and Alain Chalier. They felt that to acknowledge Security in front of our doors would be a limitation of their own rights and therefore I invited them for a visit. We didn't talk as we entered the flats and on the second floor I silently pointed out the cigarette ash and the debris of tea-breaks.

Security, apparently, doesn't have enough money left for a cleaner or a rubbish-bin and so they simply tip the rubbish on to the lower landing. We reached the third floor and as I was opening the door Security stood up and demanded our ID cards.

Catherine asked what they wanted and they declared that foreigners were not allowed in. Catherine asked by what right they prevent people from visiting a friend. They replied that they had their orders. I pointed out to Security the illegality of their action and invited them to contact their commander.

Catherine, meanwhile, declaring that she was tired and wanted some coffee, entered the flat. Security attempted to establish radio contact with their headquarters and when they failed one of them disappeared. I entered the flat with Alain and for a precious moment, as we drank coffee together, the fact was highlighted that we are here one for another, and that we can stand by one another.

Then, one by one we went to the lavatory. One never knows with Security and it is good if one can minimise one's basic bodily requirements. One of the Security demanded in German – 'Passports!' Catherine and Alain gave him the passports and Catherine asked me to translate. Catherine then told them:

> When we return home we will talk about the fact that the police are outside the flat of our friends, register everyone who comes and prevent visitors from entering. It's a great shame for socialist Czechoslovakia. The Tomins will find many friends in France who will come to drink a cup of coffee with them and I believe in the end you will leave here.

Security declared that they would not let anything deter them. Then, frightened by their own words, they added that they were not authorised to negotiate with visitors. Catherine remarked that unlawfully to bar visitors from the flat and not even to be authorised to speak with them was a nice testimony to our Security. She asked how they could allow themselves to be so misused.

I took Catherine and Alain back to their hotel and I felt good and I kept telling myself that maybe we have some hope. The Security in front of our door* had become for a while a shop-window in which the present state power displays itself.

IN THE FIFTIES the reins of government were in the hands of the Communist Party which directed, controlled and regulated all cultural, political and economic activity. Security was merely one of the tools with which the Party wielded its power. The Communist Party was the avant-garde of the working class and it leant on Marxism-Leninism, the only scientific theory and the only scientific world-view.

The Party was then waging a struggle on all fronts and on all levels for the minds of the people. Whether it was in the meetings of the Party or of trade unions, youth organisations or the national committees, Czechoslovak-Soviet friendship societies or the union of women, physical fitness organisations or meetings of the fire-fighters – everywhere the struggle for Marxist-Leninist ideas took place. Even in theological seminaries trusted comrades explained the correct, scientific world-view.

The thoughts of the people were directed by the mass media and controlled by interviews and screenings. A fierce battle was waged especially for the schools and teachers. Here and there some disturbing elements remained within the nuclear families but even here the law was being prepared which would enable the state to take away the children of those irresponsible parents who would not educate them in the scientific view of the world. In those years, it seemed to be only a lack of technical expertise which prevented electrodes being implanted into the brains of the people to direct and control their thoughts.

The end of the Fifties was marked by the beginning of de-Stalinisation. Hitherto, everything had been clear: true Marxism had been determined – first by Lenin and then by Stalin. During de-Stalinisation it became necessary to delete a substantial part of the basis of the Marxism-Leninism of the Fifties. Not only that; it became necessary to think everything through again, since Stalinism had for many years determined the nature of Marxism-Leninism world-wide.

The questions therefore began to emerge: 'What is Marxism?' and 'Which Marxism is the correct one?' The struggle for people's minds continued but in a much more conflict-ridden way. Marxism – torn apart by diverse tendencies – changed from the Communist Party's source of power into its weakness.

*These policemen are no longer there. They were removed early last November. *Ed.*

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But there remained always the hope that the 'true' Marxism would emerge victorious, the one which would play all the humanistic chords of Marx's ideas and be open to everything new and valuable in human thought and knowledge. There was a hope that progressive and humanist Marxists would become able to influence and determine power in the state (after all, the true theory does give one the right to power) and thus open the possibility to use all the power apparatus built by the Party to form a human being worthy of the society.

These tendencies came to the fore in the spring of 1968. Then came August and the 'fraternal armies' arrived. The Communist Party held out for a while, and then it chose the 'politics of the possible' and began to 'draw a lesson from the crisis years'. It continued to adhere to Marxism and it continued to make politics. Marxism became a theory of 'normalisation' and the practice of 'normalisation' became the politics of the Party. And for anyone concerned to analyse the true significance of Marxism, the question becomes in all honesty inescapable: whether what was happening (and what has happened in other so-called Marxist countries) was but a deplorable or even monstrous historical accident, or whether it was not present from the beginning as one of the possibilities intrinsic to the very nature of Marxist theory and practice.

FROM THE DAWN of history a struggle for free time has been waged in society. For the Greeks, free time was a fundamental condition of a free human existence. Conversely, free human existence, that is, the ability to think freely and the capacity to gain knowledge and act in accordance with it, gave one an inalienable right to free time. Free time was secured for the free citizens by those who did not have this capacity, by those who had only a passive Logos, the slaves.

Although it has taken various forms, the struggle of the intelligentsia for an institutionalised security of free time for an untrammelled pursuit of knowledge is centuries old. Institutions which enabled one to lift oneself from the production process have been created in increasing numbers.

Marx, just as Aristotle, saw free time as a central question, a fundamental condition for free human existence, but Marx realised that the mechanisation of production had reached such a stage that revolution would enable every citizen to live freely, provided that production would be oriented towards the satisfaction of human needs and cease to produce capital as an end in itself; and provided that the gulf between spiritual and productive activity could be bridged. However, the revolution failed. While on the one hand conditions of work in the production area were not radically humanised, on the other, all those who succeeded in extricating themselves from the production process found their 'self-realisation' in a proliferation of post-revolutionary institutions.

The problem of the Sixties was that vast numbers of people began to comprehend that leaving the production process gave one the possibility of a free life. These tendencies found legitimation in the progressive and humanist tradition of Marx but the 'normalisation' of the Seventies curbed all such currents of thought. It became necessary to reduce Marxism to an ideological minimum which, if stretched, could provide the theory for 'normalisation.'

But were there any Marxists left capable of undertaking such a task? Who still believed in Marxism anyway? The 'normalisation' paid lip-service to Marxism but drew no strength from it, and in all its structures this society ceased to believe in communism.

People who rose to power were, however, very anxious to show to themselves and to the world that they were honest people. The state hoped it would be able to assume the appearance of a society which gives its citizens all guarantees and freedoms under the law. It dearly wished that the law it provided for its citizens would be recognised by the whole world as that befitting their most developed and most humane society. International covenants on human rights were ratified, and consequently became an integral part of our legal system.

Then it happened that a few tens and later a few hundreds of people found the courage to say that the state should respect the spirit as well as the letter of its law. Charter 77 was born.

CHARTER 77 CONFRONTED the 'normalised' Communist Party with its first serious political problem. The Party didn't find the strength within itself to come to terms with Charter 77, and so it passed it on to Security to deal with.

It was at this point that the Security entered politics as a decisive force and thus, in 1977, we entered a period which might be known to future historians as the age of the 'Security State.'

The Security State differs radically from the state ruled by the Communist Party in the Fifties. Its priority is not to control and regulate the thoughts of the people – it lacks the external strength to do that and it follows from the nature of Security that it could never have the internal strength to attempt it. What is essential for Security is the unthinking fulfilment of orders.

The Security can, and in fact must, buy the minds of the people but this is not its true character. Since it lacks the inner strength to control the minds of its very hirelings it is not interested in giving them control over the thoughts and minds of others. Security attempts to control one's internal life by means of external bondage: it ties one up by physical manipulation of one's body, one's time, one's place in society and by interference with one's friends and one's passions (be they women or cars). This continues until Security forces one to tie oneself up inside. One begins to think increasingly about Security, to ask oneself more and more anxiously what it is they want, to feel more and more the unnecessary conflict and, quite simply, to long for the peace one could devote to one's work, family and other simple pleasures.

ARE NOT those who stayed within the structures better off? They lecture at the faculties and work in the academic institutes. Who can control what they really think? They have all the necessary literature at their disposal; they can publish in the specialised magazines; they can take part in the scholarly seminars and conferences.

Some even attend congresses abroad. Artists can publish their works, issue their records. The television and radio is available to them and they can tour abroad.

Given a little courage, combined with a little cunning, even the *samizdat* is open to them. They don't have to visit the 'dissidents' for a criticism of the regime. Who is not an anti-communist in our society? People talking over a beer in any pub are more radical than Charter 77 documents.

However, behind the documents of Charter 77 stand identifiable people, with their names on the line. Their words do not seek shadows and they do not care when, where and with whom they utter them. All those within the structures have many advantages but just one disadvantage – they must always be ready to retract every one of their words and each of their actions. The questions of what is true and what is right to do must always remain of secondary importance for them. Their primary problem is the one of how to behave in order to retain their positions.

They must always be ready, in deed and word, to denounce as a lie the truth which they know to be.

It is impossible to rely on them on the simplest of human levels. They will not attend the funeral of their friend or teacher for the simple reason that the Security cameras will also be in attendance. They can move publicly only among those who are in the same situation, that is, among those who are always ready to withdraw their extended hand the moment it offends the Security.

It can happen sometimes that one extends one's hand to another regardless of consequences. If the regime expels one from the structures for this crime, then the internal restriction, built in because of the regime, will also collapse. One finds oneself in the realm of inner freedom and then one faces the question of how to live so that the free life would be worth the sacrifice. That is where philosophy can help.

What makes the free life good is the encounters with people. I believe that anyone who has experienced free encounters – even if they were, for example, outside the courtroom and under the gaze of Security – will keep recreating such moments. Can Security come to terms with free human encounters and can it return to the social function which belongs to it? Can the Security become the guardian of the law? That would mean the end of the Security State.

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LABOUR PARTY
Patrick Wintour

The inquiry is rapidly turning into a field day for vested interests

Physician heal thyself

THE COMMISSION of Inquiry did not blow up on the launch pad after all. Last week, after months of incestuous and unbelievably repetitive argument raging up and down the corridors of Westminster and the columns of Fleet Street, the Commission finally began some serious work. But before it did so, some tactical footwork by Jim Callaghan significantly strengthened his control of the commission. The media has generally given the impression that, despite the resignation of Alex Kitson, the Labour Left has been stubbornly uncompromising and has got its way about the composition of the inquiry.

However, the Commission has quietly become a more bloated and complex beast than is generally recognised. Beneath the main Commission of five NEC and five trade union members which will deal with central constitutional issues are now three panels each with co-opted members. These panels will deal with membership and organisation, political education and finance. The panels will put up evidence to the main Commission and are expected to complete their work in the ludicrously short time of 12 weeks. The quality of their work will probably decide the real value of the inquiry.

The membership of these panels represents a quiet coup by the parliamentary Right and also a final monument to Callaghan's system of leadership through patronage. The view which the Manifesto Group assiduously fed out was that the membership of the Commission was an undemocratic fix and the PLP members were being denied decent representation. That is far from the position now. The membership and organisation panel, for instance, is probably the most important panel given the withered state of party membership and a Party HQ currently organised with one man processing the backlog of hundreds of membership applications. One finds on this panel no overwhelming, packed Left supremacy: instead one now comes across the familiar Callaghan entourage, safely encamped with an unshakeable inbuilt majority.

The panel now includes two right-wing MPs Joe Ashton and Denis Healey. They are among six from the 'snubbed' PLP of rightish hue (including David Owen and Merlyn Rees) who were elected with unseemly haste by the PLP to be co-opted onto one or other of the three panels. The membership and organisation panel's membership continues with Jack Brooks (the former agent of Jim Callaghan and a Callaghanite to the last ditch); Michael Cocks (the chief whip and chief tender of the Callaghan Leviathan who seems to have invited himself onto the panel); David Hughes (recently appointed as national agent and Callaghan's personal preference for the job). Hughes is also to appoint personally a representative from the party agents' union NULO, a regional representative and someone from the constituencies (for which no nominations from the constituencies are being asked). Joe Mills, chairman of the Northern Labour Party and a TGWU organiser, is on and representing the head office staff is Graham Allen. Members of the main commission, Terry Duffy, Moss Evans, Eric Heffer, chairman of the organisation sub-committee and Frank Allaun, chairman of the party, make up the numbers of the panel. There is no appointed researcher, only a secretary.

Of this motley group only Heffer, Allaun and Allen could be described as Left. The other two panels are less heavily weighted. Clive Jenkins has kept his committee small, co-opting only Merlyn Rees, John Garrett and John Pittaway the Finance Officer. But probably more important than the myth of Left domination of the inquiry is the fact that every vested interest in the world of Labour organisation and administration has managed to climb aboard the panels. Anyone with anything to lose by reform will be there in person or by proxy to block it. In all it is remarkably analogous of a remark of Richard Crossman about the 1960s Simpson Labour Party internal inquiry: 'the problem with the inquiry is that the man whose work we should be investigating is chairing the inquiry'. In the context of the heavy representation from the Transport House bureaucracy and the trade union leadership the chances of ordinary rank and file evidence really wielding any influence seems slight. The Constituencies have less than 12 weeks to go through the process of preparing, discussing and submitting their evidence to panels which have not even decided the timetable of their own work yet. It seems the main access of the rank and file to the inquiry will be largely limited to a series of regional conferences being held round the country at which Commission members will attend.

Only the more organised pressure groups, the Campaign for Labour Victory and the Campaign for Labour Party Democracy, have submitted evidence yet. The Fabians' will be at the end of March. Both CLV and CLPD concentrated on constitutional reform. Neither made any serious reference to finance (the party is seriously in debt, it is looking for a bridging loan and will face a major liquidity crisis in June). The CLV have instead staked out their ground as a complete reform of the National Executive Committee and a US primaries system of selection and reselection of parliamentary candidates at meetings which are open to all party members of one year's standing.

The CLPD which once seemed to be slightly wavering on this issue adamantly reject the CLV's proposal: 'The General Management Committee is the only body which can systematically monitor an MP's performance in the light of the party's democratically determined policies . . . re-selection by a special meeting to which all party members would be invited once in every five years would end up as a simple test of organisation (including transport organisation) on behalf of particular candidates. The GMC must not be emasculated by allowing their MPs to by-pass them altogether at the crucial point of re-selection.' The more novel aspect of the CLPD's proposals is its demand to strengthen the control of the Parliamentary Labour Party over a Labour cabinet or shadow cabinet and to make the PLP tightly answerable to conference. PLP standing orders should contain a commitment to follow conference policies, PLP debates and votes should be publicly recorded and PLP standing orders should be ratified and amended by conference.

The CLPD, for reasons of politics, make no proposals to turn conference into the serious institution they presumably wish it to be. Indeed, apart from some suggestions to stop manipulation of the agenda, CLPD has little to say on conference. They make no mention of policy-making at conference, the disproportionate strength of the union bloc vote or how union delegations arrive at their decisions. It seems, if the unions are to loosen their ultimate control of the party, the initiative will have to come from the unions themselves.

Many of the CLPD's demands on the PLP have already been independently taken up by two new Scottish Labour MPs, William McKelvey and Ernie Ross. Due to their pressure the PLP set up its mini-inquiry into the ramshackle state of the party in Parliament. A ten man inquiry (five appointed by Callaghan and five elected, all from a Manifesto Group slate) have been toiling to reform the PLP. Their work, whose report is expected in 5 or 6 weeks, has not aroused tremendous enthusiasm in the ranks of the PLP; indeed only 7 or 8 Labour MPs sufficiently cared about the internal democracy of their place of work actually to bother to submit evidence.

McKelvey and Ross wrote in their evidence to the working party:

> It is extremely sad to see what were once good socialists lapsing into the soft life that is available at the House of Commons and becoming slowly oblivious to the outside world and to those who voted them into Parliament. This above all is the reason to establish a clear identity for the PLP, one that acts to support socialists in Parliament and is quite separate from just being a part of Parliament. The truth is that after 70 years of parliamentary socialism, the party in Parliament itself is not actually organised. It is not yet organised even to the level demanded by the average party branch.

Of McKelvey and Ross's recommendations the mini-inquiry is bound to refuse to record attendances and votes of MPs at PLP meetings. They will probably also turn down the provision of agendas before meetings as 'administratively impossible'. They may possibly agree that resolutions can be more formally put to the PLP and that there would be more votes for places in the shadow cabinet and even the cabinet. The Manifesto Group who have a clear majority in the PLP have nothing to fear from that.

Both the PLP inquiry and the main Commission of Inquiry look like remaining political footballs. In the ensuing melee, one of the real culprits, the rank inefficiency and conservatism of the bureaucracy, may escape.

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PRESS
Christopher Hird

Why the provincial press provides a better opportunity for the Left

Avoiding the Capital's risks

THERE ARE FIVE strong arguments why socialists and others interested in breaking the current monopoly in the British press should look at the possibilities of starting local papers. It will cost much less, it will avoid many of the problems of proprietorial control, the market opportunity is better than in Fleet Street and there are some existing publications which could be built up and from which important lessons could be learnt.

Probably only a handful of Fleet Street managers know with any precision how much it would cost to start a new national newspaper but, as the owners of the *Daily Star* do know, the total is in millions of pounds: the setting up costs of this paper alone came to almost £3 million, before taking account of the trading losses, which also run into millions. The *Star* has also found it is taking longer than anticipated to build up advertising – an essential part of a newspaper's income – and has abandoned its pre-launch forecasts of a sale of two million by the end of this year (sales are currently about half that). Bearing in mind that the *Star*, as part of Express Newspapers, will be sharing many of its overheads and costs with the other two papers in the group, only the most optimistic could believe that a new Fleet Street paper – operating in a market where there is no shortage of near-competitors – could fight successfully for enough readers to put it on a secure financial footing. Without the prospect of paying its way the newspaper would need a continuing subsidy. Indeed without advertising it can be doubted whether the price could ever be kept low enough to compete effectively with other papers. Moreover, commercial success can be a great ally in the fight for editorial independence.

The opportunities and risks in local papers look quite different. The local press does not even have the appearance of competition and diversity: in many areas there is only one local paper. There is evidence that in some areas these papers are losing readers; partly because they are casting their geographical coverage over too wide an area. In addition, there have been a few examples recently of successful radical local papers starting up. Two of these – the *Nottingham News* and *Rochdale's Alternative Paper* – are currently appealing for money to expand.

In a booklet published this week[1] the Minority Press Group estimates that there are about seventy local radical papers. One of the most successful of these is *Rochdale's Alternative Paper* (RAP), a monthly which has been going for over eight years and which is now trying to raise £20,000 so that it can go weekly. At the moment the paper sells about 7,500 copies and has based its appeal on a sale of 10,000 copies by the end of the year and income from advertising that would take up four of its 16 pages. The money is needed to pay five full-time salaries – there are no paid employees at the moment – for a year while these targets are achieved.

The sales target seems relatively modest. There are about 120,000 people living in the Rochdale area in which there is only one local paper – the *Rochdale Observer* (owned by the same company as the *Guardian*) – which has a Saturday sale of 38,000. RAP has built up a solid readership over the years and has always been sold through newsagents. Some other local radical papers have found newsagents' unwillingness to stock their paper a serious handicap to increasing sales.

The advertising target is more tricky, albeit essential to achieve. Conventional weekly papers rely heavily on advertising revenue; on average, advertising accounts for about four-fifths of their income. Put another way, without advertising local papers would be at least five times as expensive as they are now and a new paper without advertising would be at a massive competitive disadvantage. Clearly there are difficulties in radical papers attracting advertising; much editorial coverage may not appeal to advertisers. But in local papers classified advertising is an important revenue earner accounting, on average, for almost half of total revenue. Classified advertisers – frequently individuals – carry neither the same economic power nor the same political views as those who place display adverts. Indeed, classified advertising attracts readers.

However, it can be hard work. The Royal Commission on the Press, which looked at the experience of new weekly papers reckoned that it took two or three months to build up advertisers' confidence and longer with classified advertisers. And even to achieve this is was necessary to promote the paper heavily and cut advertising rates. The trade union-supported *Hull News* – which collapsed after two issues last year – might have survived longer with more realistic expectations of the time it would take to build up sales and advertising. And the major reason for the closure of the *New Manchester Review*, a fortnightly 'what's on' guide and news magazine, last month was the sudden fall in ad income, especially from publicly funded arts and cultural organisations. Clearly established papers will have less problem getting themselves known but they are still vulnerable to being forced from business by aggressive rate cutting by the established local paper – something it is easier to do when the paper is part of a large group – as two in every five local papers are.

BUT IT IS still clear that RAP expects to break even on a much lower sales and ad income than most conventional local papers. The main reason for this is that it owns a highly efficient and therefore cheap printing press which also prints 35 other local and trade union papers in the north, north-west and midlands. RAP are appealing for a total of £60,000 to increase the press's capacity and buy it proper premises.

Nearly all radical local papers survive on some form of subsidy and 70 per cent of the papers covered in MPC's survey ran at a loss. One paper not covered in this work is the venerable weekly *Dundee Standard*, which started in November last year in a town dominated by local papers owned by D. C. Thomson. Already the *Standard* sells almost 10,000 copies a week and gets 35 to 40 per cent of its income from advertising revenue. The paper already makes a small profit because of several unusual features of its financing. Over half of its sales are in factories through shop stewards so the paper gets the full cover price; the local Labour Party provides it with cheap offices and it relies heavily on a few hard-worked, underpaid full-timers and a large amount of voluntary labour. The paper – started with £300 – is controlled by a board on which various local labour movement representatives serve; so far it has steered a successful course between political control and democratic control of an independent paper, which describes its policy as 'local, popular, left-wing – in that order'.

[1] *Here is the Other News*, Minority Press Group, 9 Poland Street, London W1V 3DG, £1.25 plus 20p P&P.

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SPAIN
Julie Flint

Atocha trial became a show of strength for the extreme Right

Gunmen get life — and Nazi salute

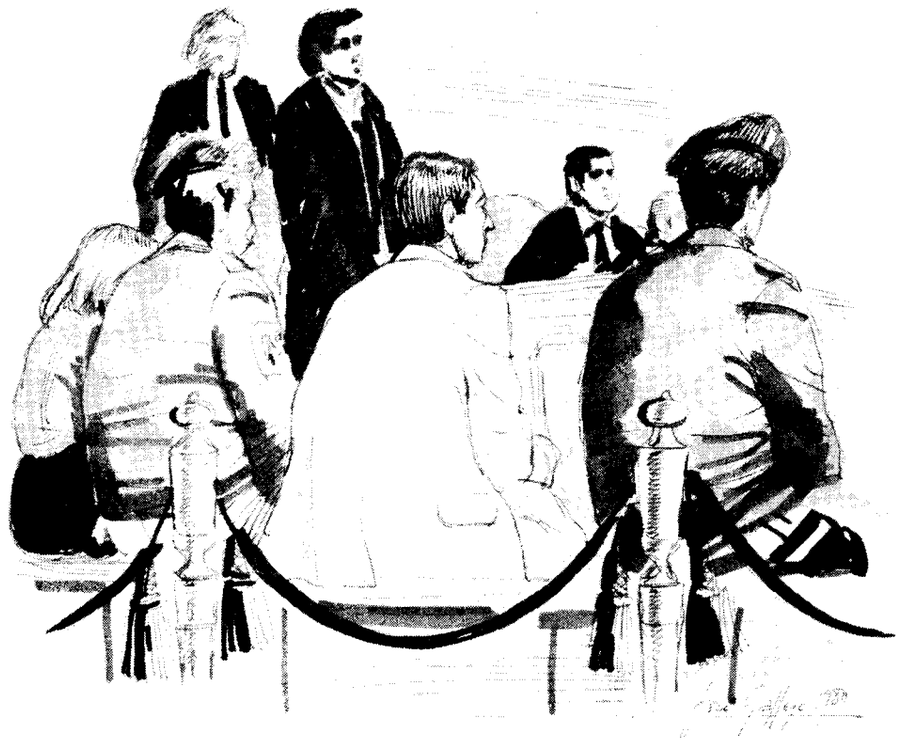
FOUR YEARS and three months after the death of Franco a Spanish court has done what the Spanish police have failed, or refused to do: serve notice on the fanatics and *pistoleros* of the extreme Right that they can no longer expect impunity to threaten, maim and kill people whose politics they don't like.

Although it may be little comfort to the four young lawyers wounded and five shot dead on 24 January 1977 in an attack on a communist law office on the Calle Atocha, the killers, Jose Fernandez Cerra and Carlos Garcia Julia, this week received the toughest jail sentences of post-Franco Spain: 193 years apiece. Francisco Albadalejo, a Franco unionist in the habit of going to work with a pistol in his belt, gets 73 years for sending the assassins to Atocha. All the sentences have limitation clauses of 30 years, the most permitted under Spanish law, but they should nevertheless ensure that the trio – all members of the Spanish Falange – serve the maximum terms unless (as suggested by the confidence they showed right up to the end of the trial), they have private guarantees to the contrary.

Throughout the seven-day trial, the two young trigger-men acted as if Spain were still their oyster. They chatted with friends during recesses, passed notes to each other with the help of their police guards during testimony, and joked about their crime. When a survivor pointed him out, Fernandez Cerra dodged to one side, grinning. Garcia Julia testified he opened fire on the defenceless lawyers while they had their hands up 'to help the forces of public order fight subversion'. On the final day of the trial, he left court singing the Franco anthem – *Cara al Sol* – and twisting his handcuffed hands into the fascist salute. His teenage court fans howled their admiration.

Fernandez Cerra's stony-faced girl friend Gloria Herguedas, who carried a cosh in her handbag 'to protect myself against communists', was luckier than he – presumably because of her sex. Although she hid one of the murder weapons and giggled when a survivor related how the lawyers were shot in the back 'one by one', the five-judge tribunal acquitted her of covering up the killings and sentenced her to only 12 months for illegally carrying a pistol. The fifth defendant, a deaf old legionary with a record as long as his face and a chestful of medals from Franco, received four years for illegal possession but was acquitted of complicity in the bloodbath. His only proven link with Atocha was selling Garcia Julia the pistol he later took to the Atocha law office.

Despite the court's courage in cracking down on the extreme Right, rejecting its claims of 'patriotism' and blaming the Falange and the Francoist *Fuerza Nueva* party for planting the seeds of 'hate and vengeance' in youth, the Atocha trial was a bitter victory. Prosecution lawyers were convinced that the five defendants have links with powerful Francoists losing financial and political ground in the new order (see NS 27 July 1979). Formally closing that debate, the Atocha judges ruled that Albadalejo's gunmen 'appear to have acted alone and on their own initiative'. The judges also prepared the way for the Supreme Court to dismiss charges



of negligence against investigating magistrate Rafael Gomez Chaparro – who was removed from the pre-trial hearing last year after lookout Fernando Lerdo de Tejada fled Spain during an Easter furlough – by saying they did not fault his conduct.

Although the prosecution failed to prove police complicity in the Atocha killings, it constructed a damning picture of intimacy between the Atocha gunmen and a group of police officers including Spain's number two anti-communist cop, the brutal Billy the Kid'. Gloria Herguedas – 'Glory' to her friends – testified that Fernandez Cerra had an appointment at National Police Headquarters the day before the massacre. Another witness testified that the two gunmen lunched with police buddies at a Francoist hangout near the headquarters the day after Atocha. Both trigger-men testified that 'Billy' spent an hour with them after their arrest but, afflicted with selective amnesia, later denied it.

The brutal 'Billy' almost became more than a witness when court president Gonzalo de la Concha ordered him into a private confrontation with a friend of the killers who said Billy also was a friend. The cop slid away into safety, the validity of his testimony (and perhaps his career) rescued, when the state prosecutor asked: 'Is it possible he knew you, but didn't know your name?' Throughout his testimony, Billy refused to face the prosecution lawyers. When asked how people he claimed not to know claimed to be his friends, he replied: 'This year I got Christmas cards from people I don't know.'

Down in the court cells, officials saw uniformed civil guards embrace Garcia Julia and Fernandez Cerra before they took the stand. Day after day, national police let young Falangists in blue shirts, heavy leather gloves and 'Amnesty for Atocha' badges shoulder all other spectators out of the 125-seat courtroom. Day after day, they let back in youths they had been ordered to throw out 24 hours earlier for such comments as: 'They killed five pigs'.

In police headquarters, meanwhile, a release order was signed for a *Fuerza Nueva* security boss accused of ordering two party militants to 'interrogate' a Basque teenager wrongly suspected of being a guerrilla informer. The girl, 19-year-old Yolanda Gonzalez, was shot to death on 2 February after the 'interrogation' – the eighth victim of the extreme Right this year. Interior Minister Antonio Ibanez Freire told Parliament the two *Fuerza Nueva* militants kidnapped Yolanda while a national policeman stood watch in the street. The policeman, said the Minister, was not 'implicated' in the killing – only 'related' to it.

The Atocha trial, almost as much as a trial, was a show. The defendants were the stars and their public the chorus. At the slightest encouragement from its illustrious gunmen, the chorus clapped, commented or, when comment meant expulsion, coughed. At a sign from the unappetising Gloria, it fell silent. When the defendants left the court, it rose to attention. The dividing line between star cast and chorus was not, however, all that clearly defined. A good number of dangerous young thugs who have been involved in brutal attacks on Leftists sat with the chorus. Others, despite their lack of years, could well be the stars of tomorrow's violence – an inevitable corollary to the Atocha sentences. The swastika-bedecked neo-Nazi who killed a Leftist on a crowded street last year because 'I didn't like the way he looked at me' was just 17.

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London Diary

☐ The Prime Minister obviously thinks very highly of the London Business School – she recently picked its leading light, Terry Burns, as the government's chief economic adviser – so I trust she and Sir Geoffrey Howe will ponder on the following tale before doing anything silly in next month's budget. After Sir Geoffrey's previous budget, last year, one of the band of sponsors who have access to the School's economic model decided to put the creature through its paces. He tried several times to obtain a short and medium term economic forecast, but each time he reached the national figure for non-oil profits the computer, in his word, 'crashed'. The reason was simple: non-oil profits were expressed as a logarithm, and you can't have a log of a minus number. *Minus number?* That's right: the most monetarist economic model we have was reckoning that if Thatcher proceeded with her nonsensical plans there would be a total profits collapse by the end of 1980. The most recent report from the School confirms this: it predicts that non-oil profits will drop by *60 per cent* in 1980 as compared with 1979. Will capitalism survive? Can it ever find love and true happiness in the arms of Sir Keith Joseph? Will Sir Geoffrey Howe lose his marbles? Tune in on 26 March: you may be just in time to catch the credits.

☐ Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive – and to hear the groans and splutterings of the Amery Lancers was very heaven. Tory MPs were, according to Tuesday's *Guardian*, 'at first incredulous and then indignant' as the news of Mugabe's magnificent victory came over the wires. And, in a sense, the Rhodesia lobby have been proved right: give these darkies a vote and they'll choose the person most fitted for the job. If Amery and Co really thought that the blacks were stupid, they wouldn't have been lobbying so tirelessly all these years, as they could have been sure that the voters would return a stooge such as Muzorewa. Their nightmares sprang from the realisation that the people of Zimbabwe are a good deal brighter than certain members of Her Majesty's Conservative Party.

What of the whites actually inside Zimbabwe, or at least those of them who still use the word 'gooks'? If these people were a different colour we would doubtless refer to them as 'primitive' or 'uncivilised', but I have great faith in the transformative power of education and am convinced that this is the answer. Just so long as the textbook used is not the one I picked up in a second-hand bookshop the other day. Published in 1823, it is called *Geography and History* and was 'selected by a lady, for the use of her own children'. I was particularly struck by the section on Africa: Caffraria, for instance,

> is the most southern country of all Africa, inhabited by the Hottentots, who are stupid, irrational creatures, without any sign of religion, government, or economy.

I shouldn't be at all surprised to discover that this volume is still on the curriculum in some of Salisbury's more select establishments.

☐ On the television show *Question Time* last week Cyril Smith MP was asked whether he approved of corporal punishment. He replied that one had to take into account all the circumstances, the child's character and so on, but yes, there were occasions when a boy deserved a good hiding. Our Cyril speaks, of course, from personal experience: in the early Sixties he was instrumental in setting up and running Cambridge House in Rochdale, a hostel for teenage boys. Some of these boys have given sworn statements to *Rochdale's Alternative Paper* about the sort of treatment they used to receive from the fat man. Take, for instance, the affidavit of a boy who was 15 at the time:

> He told me to take my trousers and pants down and bend over his knee. He trapped my hands between his legs. He hit me many times with his bare hand and I pleaded with him to stop because it was hurting me . . . afterwards he came to my bedroom and wiped my buttocks with a wet sponge.

It is an astonishing feature of the British that, years after most civilised nations have recognised the dangers of corporal punishment (Rousseau's *Confessions* were, after all, published in 1782), we persist in hitting our children. The good old Swedes have just passed a law forbidding even parents to strike their offspring. What hope of such a step here? (Answer on one side of the paper only.)

☐ However distasteful his views on thrashing, one has to admit that the Rochdale Spanker has backed a winner in his campaign to give us all a holiday in celebration of the Queen Mother's 80th birthday: ever since he suggested the idea the *Daily Mail* has been clogged with acres of land-of-hope-and-glory prose (and, by the by, a couple of hectares of free publicity for Cyril Smith MP). Without wishing to be accused of *lèse majesté* I should like, however, to draw your attention to an even worthier cause, and one which couldn't have come at a better time: next year is the 600th anniversary of the peasants' revolt. You will recall that in 1381, after ambling about the southeast of England in various eccentric directions, the peasants came to Maidstone, where they were joined by a fellow named Wat Tyler, who persuaded them that London should be their target. After camping on Blackheath for a while, they gathered a throng of 20,000 who then entered the capital and burnt the Savoy, palace of John of Gaunt. You will also recall that the whole thing fell apart shortly afterwards, when the king agreed to refer their grievances to ACAS, but it was nonetheless a brave attempt. Tom Fickling, who lives in Lewisham, is now busily organising meetings and so forth to decide on the best way of commemorating the event, and you can rest assured that some sort of jamboree will take place at Blackheath next year. But why stop at Blackheath? 'I want it to be far more than a parochial festival,' says Mr Fickling, and if anyone would like to do something in other parts of the country I'd be delighted to put you in touch with him.

☐ Angus Maude, who plays the part of Lord High Everything Else in Mrs Thatcher's cabinet, has instructed ministers that they must not appear on television programmes where they may face opposition MPs or a studio audience. To those of us who believe that the brains of a number of ministers have gone permanently AWOL, this is a perfectly understandable action. But since I presume that Mr Maude does not subscribe to this view I wonder what he thinks he has to hide. Poor Angus has had a rough time of it in the last year, unable to stem a torrent of leaks or to give the government a good public image, but I gather that he may not be burdened with office for much longer. Mrs T. feels that Maude and Willie Whitelaw are suitable candidates for an early shower, as they call it in football, and the hapless pair may find themselves sent to the House of Lords.

☐ Rudolf Bahro was in town this week, to deliver the Isaac Deutscher memorial lecture at the London School of Economics: 300 people packed the New Theatre to see and hear this courageous man. (For the benefit of those who are still unsure who he is – after all, the national press have always been remarkably silent about him – let me add that he is an East German who was given an eight-year prison sentence for publishing, in 1977, a book called *The Alternative In Eastern Europe*. After much international pressure, almost entirely from the Left, he was released and deported to West Germany.) At his lecture on Monday evening he pointed out that he had actually entitled his book simply *The Alternative* (the publishers added the bit about Eastern Europe) and it should be read with this in mind. The most striking feature of the man is how he was developing ideas along similar lines to those current in Western New Left circles while remaining totally unaware of the army of fellow thinkers the other side of the wall. He pointed out that, for example, he had had access to no works by Trotsky; to which name can be added many others. It is rather as if someone were to be sent into the wilderness at the age of 10, in 1945, and then emerged over thirty years later humming works similar to those of Michael Tippett.

☐ While on the subject of the Soviet bloc, I must pass on an Eastern European joke told to me last week by a man who spent many years as a diplomat in the Soviet Union. (These jokes are, for some reason, called Armenian Radio Jokes, and I think they're important because in a country where freedom of speech is outlawed they provide a good way of transmitting popular feeling.) The scene is a May Day parade in Red Square. A long procession of missiles and other instruments of devastation rumbles past, and beside each one walks a gent in a dark suit and a bowler hat. Brezhnev, puzzled, turns to the defence minister to inquire about these fellows. 'Well, comrade chairman,' comes the reply, 'they're from the planning commission: it's the most destructive weapon we've ever invented.'

Francis Wheen

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ Earlier, a pathologist, Dr Frank Harris, had told the inquest at Hadleigh, Suffolk, that a pair of forceps in the body was 'not dangerous' . . .'obviously it was a mistake that they were there, but that doesn't make any difference. Metallic items are often deliberately inserted into the body and the odd pair of forceps would not do any damage. While it is not a good idea to leave this sort of thing lying around, it isn't dangerous at all. It is amazing the amount of hardware that can be carried in the body without any ill-effects.' – *Guardian* (D. P. M. Salter)

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LETTERS to the EDITOR

Out of joint

From Caroline Sankey

Why has the NS failed to apply to cannabis the same clear-minded enquiry it is prepared to devote to white 'bread' or another drug or chemical? We are urged (NS 22 February) to press for the legalisation of cannabis on the basis of the following arguments: that 30 million people in the US smoke it (millions eat white 'bread'); that the British allowed its use in India in 1894 (white 'bread' is legal now but still unhealthy); that large numbers of people have been convicted under the present laws (so have they under the laws relating to drinking and driving, but we do not therefore call for their repeal); that the link with heroin is false (white 'bread' is also not linked with heroin); that its illegality causes gross distortions in the economy of Colombia (the economy of Uruguay is grossly distorted by smuggling all sorts of undesirable substances) and finally that it is prescribed by doctors for various complaints. This last is the most extraordinary argument of all – if we were discussing any other drug, the NS would properly call for extensive tests and trials to safeguard the public. We all hope that cannabis is harmless, relaxing, medically useful and the ideal substitute for tobacco, but until far more research has been done we risk, if it is made legal, making the same mistake that has been made with tobacco – once thought harmless, now discovered to have all sorts of hazards. Let us call therefore merely for relaxation of the present over-harsh law, but demand also the research that is so necessary.

2 Holly Village, London N6

From António de Figueiredo

Anyone who is aware of the dramatic problems confronting the overwhelming majority of mankind often despairs of the egocentricity which runs through the discussions and campaigns in the richer Western countries, concerning some seemingly liberal and progressive issues. In all the writings I have read through the years on the 'cannabis law reform', for instance, I have never seen the slightest mention of the possible implications arising from the large-scale commercialisation of this drug. A considerable amount of land is already devoted in some of the poorest countries in the world to commodities which are, if not wasteful and harmful, at least superfluous – such as tobacco, coffee and tea, to name only the most significant. The legalisation of cannabis would only add to the list of profit-making commodities which, often in conditions of deplorable social unjustice, already take priority over food production. To make matters worse the egocentricity seems to be unconscious – which leads one to think that we unfortunately have to add much of the resources spent on education in the West to the overall waste in our time.

3 Mullins Path, London SW14

Labour history

From John Corner

The appearance in the NS of a series of papers from History Workshop is very good news. I was at Ruskin College during 1970-72 and there, in my late twenties, I got my first chance to study and research in literature and social history. This experience included participation in History Workshop activities and supervision by Raphael Samuel. It is with the sense of cooperative venture generated by that period that I feel able to call into question a point made by Raphael Samuel about the Workshop's origins (NS 15 February).

The relevant passage is this one: 'It was our argument that adult students, so far from being educationally underprivileged – the working definition adopted by the college authorities – were peculiarly well placed to write about many facets of industrial and working-class history.' Although the general weight of intention is one I would support, the formulation raises an issue which stretches beyond the immediate context of the article to the policies of the *History Workshop Journal* and, indeed, to pressing problems in socialist educational thinking.

First of all, and perhaps less important, there is the rather mysterious aside about 'college authorities'. It's true that there were some unhelpfully conservative attitudes towards educational method around at Ruskin but no one, so far as I know, treated students with condescension, as being somehow retarded or individually deficient. And surely the point is that many of us actually *were* educationally 'underprivileged' (as most of the working class still are) in that many of us were the recipients of an unimaginative secondary-modern school system beyond which we had been given no further chance even to peep into the mysteries of knowledge production and that great middle-class world of 'informed decision-making'. To let go of the notion of educational 'underprivileging' is to let go of far too much in a socialist view of educational resources. It is to let go of a central perspective on social inequality.

Moreover, what is set up in opposition to this is a 'well-placing' which means, as I read it, work and class experience. The vital contribution of this is obviously beyond dispute but putting it in contrast to an idea of underprivileged groups is not helpful. Many mature students are both underprivileged *and* very aware of just what it is like at a particular position within the structures of class and work.

Ruskin Hall, University of Liverpool, Elmswood Road, Liverpool L18 8DG

In place of rates

From Graham Norwood

The recent analyses of local government finance under Heseltine (NS 8 February) are commendable as far as they go – but there is a need to take an extended view of both the political and economic strategies open to the left. In the medium term, during the course of the Thatcher administration, we have to take a strong political line to accompany our strong economic one. If those authorities with sufficient political will to resist cuts now find themselves having to impose high rate increases, the blame should be left fairly and squarely with the Conservative central government.

If Heseltine et al then issue punitive legislation to *force* local authorities to cut in 1981/1982, we should not become willing puppets attached to Tory strings. Should the law courts fail to uphold the autonomy of Labour-controlled government, Labour controlling groups should resign en bloc to fight by-elections on the basic promise of maintaining – indeed consolidating – local services, irrespective of central government dictat. Such a strategy could work only if Transport House co-ordinated a nationwide resignation and by-election campaign, thus giving the gesture both political weight and the necessary organisation. But will the national Labour Party move as quickly, and in the same direction, as Labour councils?

In the longer term, the experience of Lambeth, Sheffield and other councils throws up the need for a thorough reform of local government finance. Rates for domestic households should be abolished (they are after all a viciously regressive form of taxation) and should instead be replaced by a steeply progressive local income tax. Rating can be maintained for commercial and industrial hereditaments, based on the cost incurred by the community in terms of pollution, land-loss, etc.

The subsidy from central government (necessary especially in those areas of de-industrialisation, high unemployment and low pay, where local income tax revenue would consequently be low) could be based on a need factor, determined by social indicators – population, density, age distribution, (un)employment, and so on. The granting of the central government funds would have an automatic-ness lacking in the overt political decisions vis-á-vis the Rate Support Grant which are so evident in Heseltine's present tactics. Such a reform of local government finance would also require implementation as part of national Labour Party strategy.

2a Acre Lane, London SW2

IUEF and SA

From Hassim Soumaré

Your note of 8 February 1980, 'BOSS's Third Force Collapses', contains a number of factual inaccuracies about the International University Exchange Fund and a contradiction in its main argument. We concur that the exposure of our former Deputy Director, Craig Williamson, as a South African police (not BOSS) spy was a failure rather than a success for the South African intelligence services. You are correct in asserting that Williamson failed to 'turn' the IUEF to work secretly for the South African regime. But your correspondent is seriously in error when he suggest that the IUEF or its Director, Mr Lars-Gunnar Eriksson, have in the past been 'notably cool' towards the ANC or instrumental in sustaining any so-called 'third force' organisations.

Your correspondent has cast his net of allegations too widely for the holes in it not to be glaringly obvious. The South Africans are not gullible enough to try to use one organisation to achieve two incompatible aims – as your correspondent acknowledged, but only after making allegations about the IUEF based on an assumption that they are. The IUEF has not been 'seriously compromised', let alone 'destroyed' by the South African police. The organisation has a task to overcome the understandable suspicions of it in certain circles which have been aroused by the revelation that its deputy director was a South African spy and to this end it has already set up a Commission of Inquiry to investigate the whole affair. Pursuing its policy of active solidarity with the peoples of Southern Africa and the Liberation Movements which are their legitimate representatives, the IUEF will continue to support the struggles of the people of Namibia, through the leadership of SWAPO, the peoples of Zimbabwe and South Africa, through the leadership of the Patriotic Front and the ANC respectively. Finally, the IUEF will be guided by the decision adopted in June 1978 by the International Board by which it recognises the ANC as the leader of the national liberation movement which is spearheading the South African liberation struggle and which holds the most hope for unity of the South African people.

IUEF, PO Box 108, 1211 Geneva 24

Voice of the world

From Jim Murphy, Nick Butler, Sunil Mathrani

It was encouraging to see the NS devoting further space to the Brandt Commission report but we hope that the debate on its conclusions will not end with Geoff Lamb's summary (NS 15 February).

Herr Brandt in his introduction says: 'We in the South and in the North should frankly discuss abuses of power by élites. . .' Without a major redistribution of wealth and power within developing countries the prosperous élites are likely to grow even richer on Brandt money, while the poor become relatively poorer. This should not be used as an excuse for shelving the Brandt report, but as a spur to the Labour Party and the trade unions in this country to examine what they can do to ensure that the spirit of the Brandt conclusions is implemented.

Unfortunately this challenge comes at a bad moment for the Party, when internationalism is at its nadir and when the TUC is still searching for a way to build an international policy independent of the Foreign Office. It is important that the case made by the Brandt Commission for a substantial immediate transfer of wealth to the world's poorest nations is adopted as Party policy. In addition, we must write the missing chapters of the Report on the urgent necessity of land reform and on the need for independent and democratic trade unions in Third World countries. The Labour Party and the trade unions must also be prepared to use their political and industrial strength in support of organisations such as the World Development Movement which campaign against exploitation by multinationals.

Labour Aid Co-ordinating Committee, 21 Jeffreys Street, London NW1

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FIRST PERSON
Arthur Marshall

Sir Hugh

I cannot now remember, my mind being so fully stocked with other valuable data, the name of the successful author who confessed that, early on and at one point in his career, he had been able, when in a wild and merry mood, to paper a whole room of his house with the rejection slips sent to him by publishers. Some of these gentlemen, kinder (and with more time) than others, supply, rather than a coldly printed notice of unacceptability, a short letter of regret and explanation, which might go something like this: 'Dear Mr Marshall, In returning to you the manuscript of your novel, *The Strange Quest of Adrian Babbington,* we would like to say that, although the Metropolitan Water Board background seems to us to be both authentic and finely sketched (we particularly enjoyed the light relief supplied by your crusty old tea-lady, "Mrs H"!) and the chapter in which a leak is discovered in the Staines Reservoir, with the town of Egham put at flood risk, is suspenseful indeed, we rather doubt whether the public is quite ready at the present time for a novel of 250,000 words in which a deprived water board employee struggles to "find himself".'

A friend of mine called Dick decided in the 1920s and after an expensive public school education at healthful and intellectually powerful Malvern College, to stay at home and, in the teeth of strong family opposition and disapprobation, become the writer for whom the world was waiting, providing an endless stream of matchless novels, plays, poems and belles lettres. And accordingly, and working fourteen hours a day, he settled to his task and covered sheet after sheet of paper and, as the manuscripts piled excitingly up on all sides, he sent them here and there for publishers' consideration.

They lived at Wimbledon and Dick's disapproving father was, as so many in those days were, something in the City and commuted thither every day down the electrified rails. Breakfasting with this forbidding presence morning after morning (his mother wisely had a tray in bed), Dick had to keep his ears cocked for the sound of the postman's boots crunching up the gravel, but however loudly he hummed a tune or clattered dishes or made frenzied conversation, nothing could muffle the gloomy and almost daily thud of a rejected manuscript being pushed through the letter-box and falling heavily to the hall floor. 'What was that, my boy'? his father used to ask, looking up from the *Morning Post.* 'I heard nothing,' Dick lied, scuttling swiftly from the room and hiding the tattered brown paper parcel behind a curtain. He subsequently found, I am happy to say, a cosy and more suitable niche as a play reader in the world of the theatre, where he was much liked. Like many another, he found it easier and more restful to comment on the literary works of others rather than to have to provide them himself. But there is another side to the coin and our century holds, as I shall shortly be reminding readers, two dazzling literary success stories. One of them is Mr Somerset Maugham, but it is not on this occasion of him that I shall be writing. Patience.

The splendid Woman's Hour section of the BBC recently took a leaf out of the admirable Roy Plomley's book and ran a series in which contributors were asked to state, with explanations, which six persons, dead or alive, they would choose to have, or *not* to have, with them on a desert island. I was kindly invited to take part and I chose to have Lady Macbeth (obviously, provided you locked your bedroom door, such a splendid hostess and provider of food – Duncan's last dinner must have been perfection for just look how soundly he slept), Christine Truman (the only recent player of brilliance who looked as though she actually enjoyed playing tennis), Shirley Williams (of whom I think very highly as a potential labour PM) and Joan Sutherland (in addition to that voice, a tip-top person from down under). And though I mean them nothing but good, I chose not to have Dame Edna (too noisy, and after a week or so we might feel called upon to duck her in the sea and forget to bring her up again), and Mr Heath (I feared that he might wear a yachting cap all day and keep on telling us from which point of the compass the morning clouds were coming). And so I saw myself, in the long, happy, sun-drenched days, listening to Joan, admiring Shirley, watching Christine practising her serves with a palm frond and a coconut, and waiting for Lady Macbeth to bring in the baked halibut.

I see no reason why Mr Plomley's excellent wheeze should not be elaborated even further and contributors be invited to provide a list of the eight books that, marooned, they would find indispensable. The choice would be almost impossibly difficult and one is torn this way and that, but I myself could not bear long to be parted from *The Enchanted April* by, as she always liked to be called 'the author of *Elizabeth and her German Garden*', first published in 1922, and a book published just thirty years later, namely Rupert Hart-Davis's biography of *Hugh Walpole.* Can there ever have been a wittier, livelier, more tactfully revealing, more wholly fascinating and more agreeably written biography? I very much doubt it and it is, of course, Mr Walpole (he became Sir Hugh in 1937) who is our second example of a literary career that was, almost from the start, triumphantly successful, though, as with Mr Maugham, it did not please all the critics (vast sales and relatively luxurious lives are hard to bear when enjoyed and lived by others). The material to draw on was splendidly copious – diaries, journals, countless letters to and from friends, newspaper cuttings, recollections (he died in 1941, a mere 57 years old) and the fact that the author had enjoyed a close and ten-year friendship with his subject. Their coming-together is as ideal as Gilbert and Sullivan, Marks & Spencer and eggs and bacon.

How many people still read Walpole's books? They would be foolish to omit *Mr Perrin and Mr Traill,* an unexpectedly dramatic theme partly based on the author's odd schoolmastering experiences at Epsom College, and this book, coupled with *The Dark Forest* and *The Old Ladies,* would give a novice a good idea of Walpole's abilities. To try him out again for myself, I reread the first 80 pages of *Rogue Herries* which I had not looked at since it first appeared in 1930. Did I want to go on? Indeed I did. With its splendidly readable story and its absence of demanding intellectual matter it is just my style, though it and its author were much mocked at the time.

Sir Rupert does not mock. He lovingly teases instead, and indeed there is much in Sir Hugh to tease – the wild and boyish enthusiasms, the lists at the year's end of My Best Friends in order of preference, the tiffs about nothing, his joy in his possessions (his Polperro house, 'The Cobbles', was known to Arnold Bennett as 'The Collywobbles'), the resentment of criticism and his delight in knowing what is called 'Everybody'. There was also in him a strong element of Mr Pooter and our author merrily recounts the many occasions when things did not go quite right. Mr Walpole went to the Chelsea Arts Ball ('Great fun only my trousers split'). Hardly had he alighted at the Lido in 1921 when, on his way to one of the Turkish baths where he appreciated the social informalities possible among clouds of steam, his pocket was picked and his wallet stolen. Improbably in Russia in 1915 and nobly succouring the wounded, 'I lost my braces'. If he boarded a bus, he left on it his suitcase full of dress clothes. Leaving for America, he was found to have neither ticket nor visa. He was apt to come purlers in the Tottenham Court Road. In Liverpool he (a) fell off the dock, and (b) 'the back of my bags split'.

There are two very engaging things about him – his immense financial generosity (he was one of those who do endless good in secret) and his almost constant high spirits. His greatly revered Henry James wrote to him in a pre-August 1914 to confess 'aged, impotent envy of your *joie de vivre*' and, although one always resents the fact that our phrase for such an agreeable matter has to be in French, one sees what the Master means. Sir Hugh was swept along on a torrent of good humour and happiness, and that is very pleasing to read about. Rather rare, too.

Roger Woddis

Lullaby

A Californian millionaire has established a sperm bank for breeding superbabies from intelligent women and Nobel Prize-winners.

Golden slumbers kiss your eyes,
Fortune attend you future-wise,
Sleep, superbaby, all you can,
And you will wake a superman.

Momma has a high IQ,
Poppa's almost eighty-two;
Momma's egg and Poppa's seed
Guarantee a noble breed.

You will reach the highest rank,
Wisdom is semen in the bank,
Genius is written in your face,
And you shall lead a master-race.

Let the experts pour their scorn,
We're both glad that you were born,
Though, my pet, we'll be annoyed
If you're dumb or mongoloid.

You will often hear it said
Intelligence can not be bred;
Smile ever sweetly when they mock,
And say you come from laughing stock.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Tom Paulin

Among the Policies of Summer

W. H. Auden: The Life of a Poet by CHARLES OSBORNE *Eyre Methuen* £7.95

Perhaps there is an absurd contradiction in the very nature of literary biography? Auden thought there was, and in a famous essay on Shakespeare's sonnets he remarked:

> In the case of a man of action – a ruler, a statesman, a general – the man is identical with his biography. In the case of any kind of artist, however, who is a maker not a doer, his biography, the story of his life, and the history of his works are distinct.

Auden conceded that the biography of an artist is permissible 'if his life as a man was sufficiently interesting', but we must realise that such an account 'throws no light whatsoever upon the artist's work'.

Even if we accept that there is a discernible relationship between personal experience and a work of art there are still enormous problems which confront the would-be biographer – problems which were brilliantly described by Richard Hoggart in a recent issue of *Quarto*:

> Even a 'great writer', sweating away inside himself day after day to arrive at his distinctive manner of recreating experience in art, nevertheless also has to live day by day, may worry about money, get irritated, have odd devious habits which his friends and acquaintances remember all the more tenaciously the more famous he becomes. The awful challenge before the biographers of such people is to keep in play not only the often humdrum details of their subjects' daily lives but also to give a sense of the dramatic and impressive inner developments which are going on all the time and creating *that* particular writer whose work is rooted in but rises clear of ordinary daily life.

Unfortunately Charles Osborne doesn't appear to have faced the awful challenge of biography by asking himself some of the obvious questions about the nature of the form. Is a biography merely an extended obituary? Doesn't it too often give the facts and fail to notice, or appreciate, the spirit? Should it treat a sore throat and a love affair as being of equal importance? Ought it to make causal connections between an attack of toothache and a sonnet?

Yeats must have been brooding on the tedious irrelevance of average biographical fact when he said that a poet writing at his desk 'is never the bundle of accident and incoherence that sits down to breakfast; he has been reborn as an idea, something intended, complete'. And, coincidentally, Yeats's remark is echoed in the gossip of an Italian houseboy whom Auden once employed and quarrelled with, and who used to entertain visitors to the restaurant where he worked 'with stories of the famous poet's personal hygiene or lack of it and of the litter of soiled underpants, broken egg shells, crumpled newspapers and cigarette ends which Giocondo had been required to clear away every morning'.

Giocondo's accounts of the early-morning debris in Auden's villa were no doubt operatic and very entertaining, but Osborne fails to perceive that the enigmatic houseboy functions here as a parody of the biographer – what can those soiled underpants and egg shells ever tell us about Auden's heroically anti-heroic vision? And what can they tell us about the living current of his experience? Absolutely nothing, of course – they are simply reworkings of the old joke about laundry bills.

Something of their tacky drabness affects Osborne's narrative manner – as when he concludes a chapter on Auden's schooldays with the statement: 'Aided by some and hindered by others, Wystan had done a pretty good job of educating himself.' Again, discussing Auden's friendship and collaboration with Benjamin Britten, he remarks with even greater banality that 'the relationship progressed both personally and professionally'. Which means that this biography succeeds effortlessly in the virtually impossible task of making Auden sound very boring indeed. Other friends of Auden's have remembered him lovingly as a marvellously spontaneous and mischievously delightful man, but Osborne can manage no more than a perfunctory itemising of odd moments and details.

Osborne's central problem is his failure to enjoy and appreciate Auden's poetry – his critical vocabulary is limited to jaded terms like 'memorable' and 'moving' – and his remarks are often staggeringly null: 'It is possible to view *Paid on Both Sides*, as it is possible to view most works of art, successful or unsuccessful, as an image of the essential human condition.' Also, he shows almost no understanding of European politics in the 20s and 30s and so is unable to appreciate Auden's deep political seriousness, his lifelong criticism of Romantic heroism, and his 18th-century love of civility. Auden saw European culture in terms of the conflict between Dionysus and Pentheus, and this conflict was mirrored in his drinking habits and his obsession with punctuality and routine. Osborne also fails to notice the deliberate public schoolboyishness of Auden's personality, the strategy behind his love of 'going North', and the terrible hurt at the centre of his being.

Both the hurt and Osborne's ignorance of it can be detected in this passage:

> On the Atlantic crossing back to England, he was uncharacteristically miserable, and on one occasion burst into tears, confessing to Isherwood that he could never find anyone to love him and that he believed himself to be a sexual failure. Arriving in London on 17 July, they went that evening to the theatre, to see their friend Beatrix Lehmann (John Lehmann's sister) in *The Telephone*, a translation of Cocteau's *La Voix Humaine*.

To the biographer trapped in the rhetoric of becoming every 'fact' is of equal importance – thus tears, a desperate confession of failure, a date of arrival and a visit to the theatre are all equally significant events which must be recorded. And so we lose sight of the living recognition there is in that image of Auden crying his heart out as he crossed the Atlantic.

A year after this 'event', Auden published a poem called 'Like a Vocation' which rejects various images of divinity and finishes with a resolved plea for love:

> But somewhere always, nowhere particularly unusual,
> Almost anywhere in the landscape of water and houses,
> His crying competing unsuccessfully with the cry
> Of the traffic or the birds, is always standing
> The one who needs you, that terrified
> Imaginative child who only knows you
> As what the uncles call a lie,
> But knows he has to be the future and that only
> The meek inherit the earth, and is neither
> Charming, successful, nor a crowd;
> Alone among the noise and policies of summer,
> His weeping climbs towards your life like a vocation.

The reverence and still urgency of these lines, their sense of real and acute suffering, make them a significant event in Auden's imaginative life which a biographer – since this is his job – might link with the moment Auden poured out his heart to Isherwood. However, Osborne doesn't mention 'Like a Vocation' (it is one of Auden's rare personal poems), and he's therefore unable to appreciate Auden's sense of himself as a terrified imaginative child desperate to be loved.

It's this self-image (with all the conscious, disgusted and savoured narcissism it involves) that Auden addresses in that great and terrifying late poem, 'Lullaby', which glances at his famous poem of the same title and concludes, 'Sleep, Big Baby, sleep your fill'. This poem was published not long after Auden's death, and I can remember reading it for the first time and sensing the personal tragedy behind its gay and stoic wit. Near death, Auden addresses his own life in the clipped accent of an overgrown public-schoolboy and its hidden horror and loneliness enter an oblique plea for love and mercy. It combines the same wit and sense of fundamental emotional deprivation as Auden's remark, 'My face looks like a wedding-cake left out in the rain.' Osborne has failed to discern the burden of self-disgust, disappointment and misery which Auden carried all his life, and the result is a listless and blurred image of wonderful Uncle Wiz.

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History Workshop 4:

Lords of Creation

BARBARA TAYLOR reassesses the attitudes of Utopian and Marxist socialists towards feminism

EXACTLY A CENTURY ago Engels consigned the ideas and hopes of the first British socialists, the Owenites, to a Utopian prehistory of scientific socialism, a period of 'crude theories' and 'grand fantasies' which had to be superseded by historical materialism before the communist struggle could be waged on a sound, scientific basis. Here I want to suggest that it is time this evaluation was re-assessed, and that an important beginning point for this re-assessment is one aspect of Owenite policy on which they sharply differed from their Marxist successors: the issue of women's emancipation.

The Owenite commitment to feminism was part of the general humanist outlook which Engels later identified as a key feature of all utopian thought: the 'claim to emancipate . . . all humanity at once' rather than 'a particular class to begin with'. The goals were spelled out in detail: with the establishment of a world-wide network of Communities of Mutual Association, all institutional and ideological impediments to sexual equality would disappear, including oppressive marriage laws, privatised households, and private ownership of wealth. The nuclear family (which was held to be responsible not only for the direct subordination of women to men but also for the inculcation of 'competitive' ideology) would be abolished and replaced by communal homes and collective child-rearing. This transformation in living conditions would allow a new sexual division of labour to be introduced: housework ('domestic drudgery') would be performed on a rotational basis (either by women or by children of both sexes) with 'the most scientific methods available', leaving women time to participate in all other aspects of community life, from manufacturing and agricultural labour to government office and educational and cultural activities. With childcare collectivised and all economic pressures removed, marriage would become a matter of 'romantic affection' only, to be entered on mutual agreement and dissolved by mutual choice. Or as one leading socialist-feminist told an Owenite congress in 1841, 'when all should labour for each, and each be expected to labour for the whole, then would woman be placed in a position in which she would not sell her liberties and her finest feelings . . .'

Alongside these revolutionary hopes went a whole series of lesser reform proposals, including demands for immediate changes in the marriage laws to allow civil marriage and divorce, support for the female franchise (the Owenites frequently criticised the Chartists for excluding women from their suffrage demands), campaigns to extend education for women and girls. Many of the women who agitated for these reforms were lower middle-class, but as the popular base of the movement expanded they were joined by a small number of working-class feminists, particularly during the general union phase of Owenism in 1833-34 when a number of women's trade unions were formed. These unions sometimes became centres of lively feminist discussion, encouraged by the Owenite newspaper, *The Pioneer*, which opened a 'Woman's Page' to carry letters from female trade unionists on subjects like equal pay and the right to equal employment. The problem of sex prejudice within the radical working class itself was a common theme. 'The working men complain that the masters exercise authority over them; and they maintain their right to associate, and prescribe laws for their own protection,' ran one 'Woman's Page' editorial at the height of the trade union agitation, 'but speak of any project which will diminish the authority of the male, or give him an equal, where once he found an inferior, and then the spirit of Toryism awakes . . .' When it comes to women, another woman wrote, all men were aristocrats, whatever their class. 'Can it be right, can it be just . . . that woman should be thus trampled on and despised by those who style themselves the lords of creation?' she demanded, going on to add that in her view

> nothing short of a total revolution in all present modes of acting and thinking among all mankind, will be productive of the great change so loudly called for by [women's] miserable state; and there is certainly no system so . . . likely . . . as that proposed by the benevolent Owen, of community of property and equality of persons, in which all are *free and equal* . . . Indeed, I am confident that if women really understood the principles and practice of Socialism, there would not be one who would not become a devoted Socialist.

These were indeed, as Engels later said of the utopian outlook as a whole, 'stupendously grand thoughts'; but were they only that? Before going on to consider this question in greater detail, it is worth reminding ourselves that what he and later Marxists offered instead was a wholly different account of gender/class relations, one in which sexism was reduced to a bourgeois property relation and thereby evacuated from the working-class struggle. The Owenite emphasis on the universal, trans-class character of 'male supremacy' (their own term) disappeared to be replaced with dogmatic assertions of sexual equality within the proletariat, calls for sex unity in the face of the common class enemy, and a repudiation of organised feminism as bourgeois liberal deviationism. The vision of a re-organised sexual and family existence which had been so central to Owenite thinking was increasingly pushed to the far side of a socialist agenda whose major focus became an economic revolution which would automatically liberate the whole of the working class. This is something of a caricature, since so many staunch sexual egalitarians were to be found in the ranks of later Marxist organisations, but even the bravest of them rarely flouted an orthodoxy in which the Woman Question was subsumed under the Class Question. 'It is not women's petty interests of the moment that we should put in the foreground,' Clara Zetkin told a cheering audience of fellow Social Democrats in 1896, 'our task must be to enroll the modern proletarian woman in the class struggle.'

Ann Wheeler: one of the Owenite women

Goldsmiths' Library

There was more separating these two ways of thinking about women's oppression than merely the alleged gap between an immature, voluntarist utopianism and a mature, scientific socialism. The movement from Owenism to Marxism meant the repudiation of an independent feminist platform within socialist politics. Why was the struggle against sexual oppression an integral part of the early socialist strategy?

For the Owenites, unlike later Marxist theorists, capitalism was not simply an economic order dominated by a single, class-based division, but an arena of multiple antagonisms and contradictions, each of them lived in the hearts and minds of women and men as well as in their material circumstances. The very term which they used to describe this society – 'the competitive system' – indicated the style of their critique, which moved freely between an economic analysis of workers' exploitation, a moral condemnation of selfish individualism, and a psychological account of the 'dissocial impulses' which were being bred not only in factories and workshops, but in schools, churches, and – above all – in the home where, in the words of William Thompson, 'the uniform injustice . . . practised by man towards woman, confounds all notions of right and wrong . . .'

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> Every family is a centre of absolute despotism, where of course intelligence and persuasion are quite superfluous to him who has only to command to be obeyed: from these centres, in the midst of which all mankind are now trained, spreads the contagion of selfishness and the love of domination through all human transactions . . .

The psychological underpinnings of the competitive system, in other words, were habits of dominance and subordination formed within the most intimate areas of human life. The enslavement of women by men deformed human character and strangled human potential to the point where social hierarchy became generally accepted as both natural and inevitable. Having been trained to mastery within the family, men took this self-seeking mode into public life as well: *Homo Economicus*, the atomised, competitive individual at the centre of bourgeois culture, was the product of a patriarchal system of psycho-sexual relations.

Building an alternative to this crippling style of social existence would involve not merely the transfer of economic power from one class to another, but a wholesale transformation of personal life in which all 'artificial' divisions of wealth and power would be supplanted by the organic bonds of communal fellowship. Within each co-operative community women and men would learn new ways of living and loving together. This project, which seemed so 'phantastical' to later Marxists, was absolutely central to the early socialist strategy. For how could 'social sentiment' defeat the 'competitive spirit' unless competition was uprooted from the most intimate areas of life? 'Where does freedom begin, unless in the heart?' For the Owenites, like the earlier Puritan reformers and all the Romantics of the period, it was the establishment of a right order in sexual relations which was the key to general moral re-organisation. Communism found its first and foremost expression in the liberated male-female relation. Feminism was therefore not merely an ancillary feature of the socialist project, but one of its key motivating impulses.

WHY DID OWENISM develop in this way? If, as I have suggested, later Marxist thinkers took a different view of the Woman Question, how and why did this difference arise?

Owenism developed in a period of rapid social transition, when both class and gender relations were being sharply transformed by new patterns of work and family life. Most early socialists were craftworkers or small tradespeople for whom the 1830s and 1840s represented a period of extended economic and social crisis: the crisis which produced a modern working class. At the most general level, early socialism represented a systematic struggle against these critical developments, and an attempt to re-route them in a new, progressive direction. Unlike later socialist movements, in which working people organised as proletarians, the Owenites were organising against the process of proletarianisation, believing that through economic co-operation and the re-moulding of human character they could effectively short-circuit capitalist social relations.

But if in the 1830s plans to establish a new world outside the range of capitalist control still seemed a viable option, by the 1880s, when the second phase of British socialism began, there was far less 'outside' to go to, and working-class organisations which developed within the boundaries set by their proletarian status had their ability to see past those boundaries correspondingly reduced. The experience of living within capitalism wore down the socialist imagination, and the effects of this erosion were felt at the theoretical level as well. 'At any point after 1850,' Edward Thompson has written, 'Scientific Socialism had no more need for Utopias (and doctrinal authority for suspecting them). Speculation as to the society of the future was repressed, and displaced by attention to strategy.' (Postcript to *William Morris*, 1976, p. 787.) The result for British revolutionary Marxists was a systematic denial of the necessary visionary element within socialist consciousness, ending all too often in what William Morris described as a 'sham, Utilitarian Socialism' divested of any genuine libertarian aims, or what his 20th-century disciple (Thompson again) has characterised as

> the whole problem of the subordination of the imaginative utopian faculties within the later Marxist tradition: its lack of a moral self-consciousness or even a vocabulary of desire, its inability to project any images of the future or even its tendency to fall back in lieu of these upon the utilitarian's earthly paradise – the maximisation of economic growth. (*Ibid*, p.792)

The decline of a genuine feminist vision within British revolutionary movements was one measure of this loss. As the older dream of emancipating 'all humanity at once' was displaced by the economic struggle of a single class, so women and women's interests were pushed to one side. This occured in two ways.

First, the strategic shift away from the struggle against proletarianisation to the proletarian struggle meant the political marginalisation of all those who were not, scientifically speaking, proletarians. If the Owenites had cast their net too wide in hoping to attract 'all classes of all nations' to the co-operative cause, Marxism, with its insistence that there was only one route to communism and only one group who would walk it – organised productive workers – tightened the net to the point where only a minority of women were drawn into it, even on a class basis. When combined with a low level of female employment in the most highly-organised industrial sectors, this made the fight for socialism seem pretty much a masculine affair. Women Marxists who challenged this situation did so not on the grounds that there was a separate women's cause to be fought alongside and within the class movement, but that women (at least working women) had a right to stand alongside their menfolk in the common cause. The Woman Question which displaced earlier socialist-feminism within late 19th-century Marxism was concerned not with the question of how to make a revolution which would free women as a sex, but how to shape women for the class revolution. '. . . what do women have to do?' Eleanor Marx demanded in 1892, 'we will organise – not as 'women' but as *proletarians* . . . for us there is nothing but the working-class movement.'

Secondly, this contraction of the socialist struggle pushed a whole range of issues beyond the boundaries of revolutionary politics. Since it was no longer the total reformation of women and men which was at stake, but simply the re-organisation of productive relations, all questions connected to reproduction, marriage or personal existence became converted from central problems of strategy to merely private matters. 'I have been told that at the meetings arranged for reading and discussing with working women, sex and marriage problems come first,' Lenin scolded Clara Zetkin in their famous dialogue, 'I could not believe my ears when I heard that. *The first state of proletarian dictatorship is battling with the counter-revolutionaries of the whole world* . . . and active communist women are busy discussing sex problems.' Not all British revolutionaries, even Leninist ones, shared this attitude, but those who held out against it tended to be a beleaguered minority, particularly in this century. It is not surprising to find, (then) that when socialist-feminists began to organise again in the 1970s, it was with the slogan 'the personal is political' that they mounted their first challenge to the male-dominated Left. The issues had never disappeared; it was just that the voices which could raise them had been long suppressed.

The present must always condescend to the past, and from our vantage point there is indeed a great deal in the thinking of the pre-Marxian socialists which seems theoretically naïve and strategically implausible. It is not necessary to deny this, however, in order to suggest that the wholesale dismissal of Utopian Socialism by later Marxist socialists revealed certain limitations in their own thinking as well: a narrowing of both means and ends which has had serious consequences for the libertarian cause in general and for the liberation of women in particular. Socialist-feminists look back to the Owenites, then, not out of nostalgia for a transition long past but as a way of tracing the beginnings of a democratic-communist project which is still very much our own and with which we are still struggling to redefine the ends of modern Marxist movements. For, after all, what count as utopian answers depends on who is raising the questions.

S. Nyamfukudza

Drought & Rain

Two Thousand Seasons by AYI KWEI ARMAH *Heinemann Educational* £1.50
The Healers by AYI KWEI ARMAH *Heinemann Educational* £5.50 & £1.80
The Novels of Ayi Kwei Armah by ROBERT FRASER *Heinemann Educational* £4.95 & £1.95

The first three novels by Ghanaian writer Ayi Kwei Armah, intricate in form and distinguished by a highly-wrought prose style using violent imagery, were all vividly emphatic artifacts. With outspoken courage and unrelenting commitment, he grappled seriously with the waste, corruption and inefficiency resulting from the cultural confusion which is the post-colonial inheritance of Black Africa. Bereft of any sense of community or direction, the educated élites and the masses are shown as actively engaged in their own betrayal, collaborating in the neo-colonial plunder and impoverishment of their national heritages. His protagonists, anguished and fragile beings, are consumed in ineffectual quests for personal (and by implication) national salvation. The presentation of this predicament has

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been fitfully enlivened by his own brand of somewhat dark humour.

Two Thousand Seasons presents a considerable departure from what he has done before. Indeed, one of the questions likely to preoccupy the reader is whether it is a novel at all. The collective racial memory of the black people is given voice through their pilgrimage of self-assertion in received versions of the long years of collision, destruction and enslavement by the white man, 'the destroyers', both Arab and Caucasian, who have colonised and plundered Africa. The distinction between We, Us, the Black people – the plural narrative voice of the novel – and Them, the white destroyers, is absolute and uncompromising. The quest is largely a spiritual one, to recapture as well as create a saving vision of a time when black people were one and their relationship was one of 'reciprocity' between individuals, variously termed 'the way', 'our way'.

The story itself is of a group migrating south to the coast, presumably the West African coast, from Arab invaders, only to collide with white slave-dealers raiding inland. A period of capture and enslavement follows, but the prisoners escape from the ship due to take them across the Atlantic and from then on wage a guerrilla struggle against the white men and a collaborating local chief. Strong meat indeed, but what the reader is likely to find even less comfortable is the abandonment of naturalistic delineation of individual character, setting and time itself, as the story ranges back and forth, speaking insistently to the present. The message is relentlessly at the fore-front and we are much closer to the traditional tribal story teller, whose purpose is to educate and preserve the group's identity, history and traditions, than to any familiar novelistic form.

> Before Anoa's utterance then, our migrations were but an echo to the alternation of drought and rain. Who is is calling for examples?

or

> Who asks to hear mention of the predators' names? Who would hear again the names of the predators' chieftains? With which stinking name shall we begin?'

The sombre, sometimes outraged biblical cadence of the prose bears the epic on. The theory and attempt are bold and admirable, but the resulting simplification and polarisation are an impoverishment of Armah's art. The message too is none too clear in its implications for the much more complex present.

The Healers, Armah's latest novel, is by contrast, a straight forward historical narrative and deals with the fall of the Ashanti empire under the onslaught of the British. Why was the empire such a pushover for the colonists? Disunity, greed for power and internal contradictions inherent in a slave-holding and war-like society undermined its capacity and spirit for resistance.

The prose is pared down into a beautifully taut and evocative instrument, with the novel at its best in the first half where it revolves round one of the main characters, Densu, disenchanted and ill-at-ease with the manipulative local politics. Ababio, the Machiavel of the novel, comes over as a truly sinister and frightening figure, plotting away against the royal household and ready to ally himself to the invading white men in his quest for power. Densu resists his enticements, choosing instead to dedicate himself to the calling of the healers under the tutelage of one of the sages. They receive such scant recognition that at this stage they have removed to their own healer's village deep in the forest. It is a lonely and ascetic way of life, study and self-communing, knowing oneself and trusting to inspiration rather than leaping into the thick of short-term political battles. Towards the end, when the battles take place, the novel tends to read like a Cowboys-and-Indians tale. It ends on an optimistic note, however, with the villain Ababio exposed and tried, ironically, by his former white allies. Although under the shadow of defeat and alien domination, West Indian slaves and Black Africans dance on the beach in symbolic reconciliation. It seemed hardly possible that Armah's commitment could be pushed further, but so it has, towards a more general and specifically African reading public.

Robert Fraser has written a succinct but acute and sympathetic critical study of Armah's novels. Full of insights and facts, none of which are over-worked, it is particularly helpful on the two historical novels, sketching out for instance the African oral artists' tradition in which Armah chose to ground the novel *Two Thousand Seasons*. In his assessment he makes no exaggerated claims for one of the most considerable contemporary novelists, and his assertion that Armah has paid a qualitative price for the dogmatic thrust introduced into the more recent novels is just. This book restores the balance on an important writer, criticism of whom has tended to batten on to the more sensational aspects of his work.

Quintin Hoare

Non-Alignment

Tito's Yugoslavia by DUNCAN WILSON *Cambridge* £12

On the face of it, Yugoslavia should be the most closely studied and best understood of the countries where an indigenous socialist revolution has taken place. Because the process was at the same time a national liberation struggle against German and Italian occupation forces, it was witnessed 'from inside' by a number of foreign (mainly British) military personnel fighting with Yugoslav partisan units, from 1943 on. Then, in the early post-war years, numerous young communists and socialists (Edward Thompson and Ernest Mandel come to mind as representative figures) set off to voluntary labour on Yugoslav roads and railways. Above all, since the Tito-Stalin break of 1948, the country has been increasingly open to enquiry from outside. Furthermore, it has made available serious factual material (e.g. credible statistics) and even critical analysis on most aspects of its socio-economic life – in a way that has no parallel in Russia, China, Cuba, Vietnam or Albania (or for that matter in the rest of East Europe). Finally, Yugoslavia has been characterised by a far wider degree of freedom of expression than other communist countries,

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'. . . clear, readable and elegant . . . I hope that Mr Waugh's book is widely read.' John Mortimer **Sunday Times**

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Michael Joseph

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despite some well-known recent instances of intellectual repression.

So it is not surprising that a flourishing but small-scale pre-war scholarly and romantic (Balkanophile) literature in German, French and English should have swelled into a veritable flood since Yugoslavia embarked on its own 'road to socialism' in the early Fifties. This has ranged from personal memoirs of the partisan struggle (from Davidson, Maclean and Deakin to Dedijer, Djilas and Tempo); through Stalinist and Maoist denunciations of Tito's 'restoration of capitalism', journalistic tributes to plucky Yugoslavia's stand against the Cominform, and ingenuous if pedantic expositions of the Yugoslav model of self-management; to the more substantial products of American and British academic presses (Tomašević, Rusinow, Singleton, etc.). Taking all this into account, the country is indeed much studied, with a unique degree of collaboration between native, émigré and foreign analysts, Marxists and non-Marxists, sympathisers with and critics of the régime. Yet is it also well understood?

Duncan Wilson's book poses this question in the sharpest form. Although disappointingly short on historical background (so necessary to disentangle the unrivalled complexities of the country's quiltwork of national, ethnic, linguistic, cultural and religious divisions), it provides a clear and judicious summary of Yugoslav development from 1948 to the present. The author was in Belgrade as a British diplomat from 1951 to 1953, and again as ambassador from 1964 to 1968. This means that (with an obvious mastery of the Serbo-Croat language and excellent relations with an extensive range of official and unofficial personalities) he writes as a perceptive first-hand observer of two key periods: the inauguration of the 'Yugoslav road', and the high tide of 'economic reform' (i.e. market freedom). But he also provides a concise synthesis of Western academic and Foreign Office material with Yugoslav sources – from official state or party documents to articles in the lively Belgrade news-weekly NIN and off-the-record conversations. Wilson's account, though not strikingly new, has two significant merits. The first is the author's 'non-alignment' in Yugoslav politico-economic affairs: he does not write with a centralist or devolutionist, pro- or anti-market, pro-Serb or pro-Croat, pro- or anti-régime *parti pris*. The second is the sensitivity with which he relates political developments (the fall of Ranković; the purge of the Croatian and Serbian party leaderships in 1971 and 1972; and so on) to economic issues. The Yugoslav régime has developed, in order to deal with its ever-present national problems so intimately interwoven with competing economic interests, a bewildering and seemingly ever-changing institutional/juridical superstructure. The non-specialist reader will find in Wilson a brave attempt to trace the intricate relations between these different levels.

However, reading Wilson's potted biography on the dustjacket (Political Intelligence Department of the Foreign Office; Control Commission for Germany 1945-6; chargé d'affaires in Peking 1957-9; ambassador to Moscow 1968-71) one cannot help regretting the absence in his book of any comparative framework. More generally, as one surveys the huge existing literature on Yugoslavia, one cannot help reflecting that the revolution and the state which emerged from it have been seriously under-theorised. With the partial (and largely unsatisfactory) exception of the first attempts to generalise from Yugoslav 'self-management', socialists have not as yet taken anything like full advantage of the relative transparence and accessibility of the society, in order to confront problems and draw lessons of wider relevance. The somewhat bland agreement which seems to reign between Marxist and sympathetic non-Marxist accounts of events in Yugoslavia since the War in fact obscures the real underlying issues. For the impossibility of building socialism in one country, so *a priori* in one small and far from self-sufficient country, means that there will be an inevitable choice, in the long run, between restoration of capitalism and a qualitative radicalisation whose objectives and consequences would transcend the country's frontiers, and whose fate would be determined in a wider context.

Alistair Davies

Beyond the End of Night

Fables of Aggression: Wyndham Lewis, the Modernist as Fascist by FREDRIC JAMESON *California* £7.25

Louis-Ferdinand Céline by MERLIN THOMAS *Faber* £10

Ten years ago, Lionel Trilling lamented that the writing of the great modernists, Joyce, Proust, Kafka and Woolf, had lost its power to alarm the reader. When the term-essay came in, it was clear, he noted, that none of his students had been disconcerted by what they had read. Fredric Jameson, who is Professor of French at Yale and one of the leading Marxist literary critics in America, quotes Trilling's remarks at the beginning of his complex and important new study, *Fables of Aggression: Wyndham Lewis, The Modernist as Fascist*, which, as the title suggests, is both a study of the novels of Wyndham Lewis and a theoretical contribution to the understanding of modernist theory and practice. In contrast to Trilling, who had argued that the inclusion of the great modernist works in the school curriculum had served to blunt their original attack, Jameson lays blame for the failure of modernist writing to maintain its subversive edge on the writing itself.

The most important formal impulses of modernism have been, he argues, strategies of inwardness, which set out to reappropriate an alienated universe by transforming it into personal styles and private languages. In retrospect, we can see that such wills to style have only reconfirmed the very fragmentation of social life against which they were meant to protest. What is of particular concern for Professor Jameson is that a solipsistic and impressionist aesthetic of modernism, growing out of and reinforcing the disintegration of the subject under capitalism, has been institutionalised within the American university. Resting their authority upon a canon of modernist texts, which they themselves have selected, the university theorists of modernism reproduce, as the 'hegemonic ideology of modernism', the very ideology of the privatised self demand by the consumer capitalism which the American universities serve.

The French Marxist structuralist tradition, from which Jameson takes his terms, rejected the French modernist canon and its accompanying ideology by championing the work of Céline. It was, given Céline's post-war reputation, a provocative choice. On the appearance of his first novel, *Journey to the End of the Night*, in 1932, Céline had been extravagantly celebrated by the French Left. His nihilistic portrayal of the trenches, of colonial Africa, of the brutalising factories of America and of a corrupt and impoverished France, was taken to be a political critique of the iniquities of world capitalism. But if Céline criticised capitalism, he did so not from the left but from the anti-semitic right. The author of a series of anti-semitic pamphlets, some so extreme that it has been argued that Céline must have been mocking anti-semitism by exposing its inner insanity, Céline became, after the fall of France, publicly identified with the German

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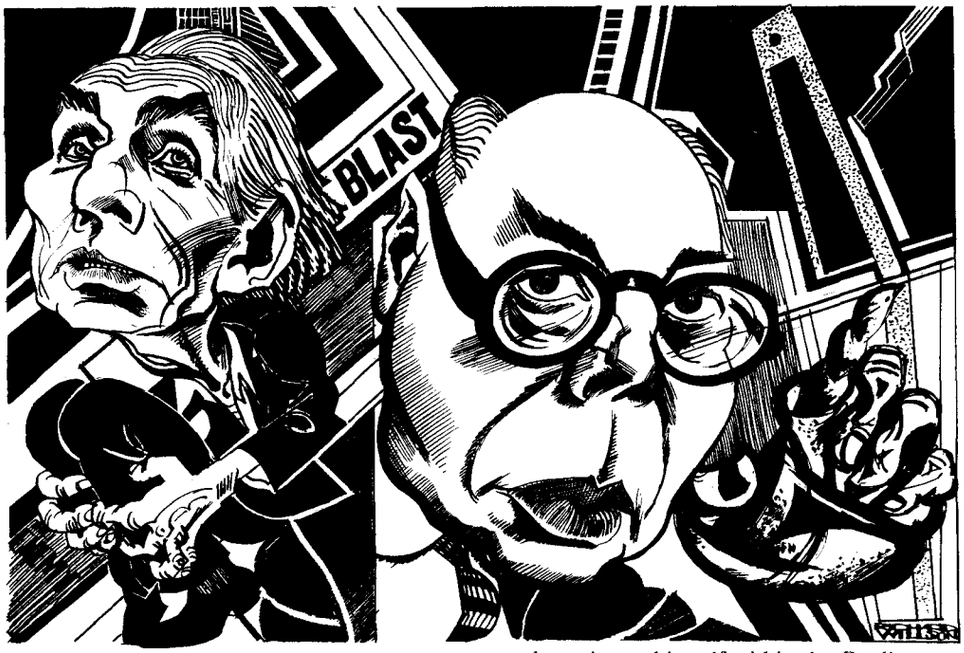
occupation. As the allies advanced, Céline, with his wife and an ill-assorted band of collaborators, fled to German-occupied Denmark, a journey he described after the war in a trilogy of apocalyptic novels which recorded the frenzy and violence of the collapse of the Third Reich. When he died in 1961, public vilification remained so strong that he was buried in secret to prevent the desecration of his grave.

For the Marxist structuralists, nevertheless, Céline was the only truly revolutionary writer of the modern period, the only writer imaginatively adequate to the irrationalism of its political and economic forms. His petit bourgeois origins (which explained his anti-semitism) gave him a perspective not available to bourgeois writers of the same period. But it was not on account of his anti-semitism or his alleged collaboration that Céline had been relegated to extracurricular obscurity by the university ideologists of modernism. His anti-bourgeois obsessions, his idiosyncratic prose style, his ceaseless obscenities and slang, and, in particular, his rejection of the 'fine' writing of his fellow modernists had led to his suppression.

In English culture, the work of Wyndham Lewis has often been compared to that of Céline. Like Céline, Lewis was a radical innovator in style and narrative. He undertook in his strange, metaphysical fictions set in



purgatory and in hell, *The Childermass* and *The Human Age*, and in the more realistic *The Revenge for Love*, a sustained critique of the irrational, political, ideological and economic forces of capitalism which had led to war and mass destruction in the present century. Like Céline, moreover, Lewis directed his critique from the right. Fredric Jameson concentrates at the outset of his study on the suppression of Lewis by the Anglo-American ideologists of modernism. If this suppression can easily be understood in view of Lewis's relentless criticism of the dominant modernism, it must also be reversed. Lewis is, Jameson claims, the only truly modern writer in 20th-century English prose.

His style, alive with the excitement of the machine age, is not élitist but genuinely democratic. It mocks, in its sheer linguistic profusion, the hierophantic aesthetic of canonical modernism. Lewis was, Jameson argues, a populist radical, accepting, unlike the other English modernists, the new collective forms of society. He revised narrative strategies to show the collective and ideological forces at work in the post-1918 world. It was this which not only made his trans-individual history a more adequate account of the 20th century than the 'Poundian epic and Joycean mythography', but also made his writing an elemental predecessor of the post-modernists – Vonnegut, Heller and Pynchon.

Lewis's replacement, during the first world war, of the traditional narratives of national allegory by new narrative models in which the trans-individual forces of Communism and Fascism became the subjects of the texts, is, Jameson states, 'the story of his work he has to tell'. It provides the grounds for claiming that Lewis is the major revolutionary writer of the period. This transformation in narrative is, also, of central moment in Jameson's own contribution to Marxist theory of criticism. Rejecting correspondence theories in Marxist aesthetics, which would have seen in these changes the direct reflection of the collapse of the European diplomatic system on the eve of war, Jameson, drawing with self-confessed eclecticism upon the psychoanalysis of narrative in recent French theory, ties text to history by examining the individual and collective fantasy structures and processes of figuration 'by which the individual subject seeks to insert himself within the Real'.

When this is done, the 'macrolevel' of Lewis's narrative figuration is seen to be in contradiction with the revolutionary 'microlevel' of his style. After the breakdown of the nation state and of the European diplomatic system (and of the superego which they guaranteed), we find inscribed within literary texts after 1918 the conflicts within the psyche between rival libidinal and political impulses: Eros and Thanatos, revolution and counter-revolution, Communist solidarity and Fascist paranoia. In Lewis's case, because of his anxiety as a petit bourgeois writer in the face of a mass society which threatened him with extinction, it is the most destructive impulses which are released. Lewis's aggressive satire, his hysterical anti-Communism which falls momentarily into Fascism, his misogyny, his horror of sex, are forms of paranoia. Analysing the 'political unconscious' of his writing,

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Jameson argues that Lewis, horrified by time, seeking to freeze all change, projected his greatest post-1918 fiction *The Childermass* and *The Human Age* into a timeless beyond. Such projections of the proto-Fascist imagination into a world beyond time, like the utopianism of the revolutionary imagination, reveal only the death-wish of the threatened intelligentsia of the 20th century. Jameson's whole analysis, he feels, is timely. The prospective of proletarianisation facing an American middle class in economic crisis may drive it, as it drove Lewis, into the security of institutional Fascism.

Jameson's study of Lewis develops, from an analysis of style and structure, an immensely ambitious and fruitful theoretical statement about the forms of modernist writing in English. Merlin Thomas's study of Céline works deliberately in a counter direction. Although, like Jameson, Thomas concentrates on style and structure, he does so without larger theoretical purposes. He argues, in a consistently amiable manner, which seems at times calculated to enrage those whose approach to literature in general and to Céline in particular is of a more strenuously theoretical nature, that the enduring vitality of a writer's language alone provides the grounds for literary discrimination and judgment.

In the first section of his study, Thomas argues from a detailed analysis of Céline's prose that his originality lies in the immense resources of his language. We have tended to overlook the variety of his prose, not least its consistent humour. Thomas provides a necessary corrective to those who have seen in Céline's writing only the expression of frenzy and hate. In the second section, Thomas seeks to reverse mis-readings of Céline's political position. He was not, as has been alleged, a traitor, a Nazi sympathiser, a collaborator with the German occupation. Basing his assessment on a detailed discussion of Céline's political pamphlets, many of which are not generally available, Thomas concludes: 'Anti-semitism? Guilty. Fascism or Nazism? Not guilty. Collaboration? Not guilty.' If Céline's political judgment failed him, it was on account of his innocence and overwhelming compassion for the suffering of the poor whom he met in his work as a doctor.

In the third and final section, Thomas discusses at length the trilogy of nightmarish novels, *Castle to Castle, North, Rigadoon*, which deal with the collapse of the Third Reich in Europe. In Thomas's view, these works, largely disregarded by critics in favour of Céline's earlier work, can be considered his supreme achievement. Thomas's book is, through its sense of proportion, a genuine contribution to our understanding of Céline.

Among this week's contributors:

BARBARA TAYLOR is currently writing a book on Owenite feminism for Virago. She teaches women's studies and helps to edit the *History Workshop Journal*.

ALISTAIR DAVIES is a lecturer in English at the School of English and American Studies, University of Sussex.

ERIC PAICE is a television dramatist who has contributed a dozen plays and 300 series episodes to TV networks over 20 years.

MAURICE LINDSAY was a member for seven years of the BBC Scottish Music Advisory Council and is a former programme controller of Border Television.

Desmond Hogan

Having a Heart

On the Edge of the Cliff by V. S. PRITCHETT *Chatto* £4.95
The Tree House Confessions by JAMES McCONKEY *Heinemann* £5.95
Sol by MARIO SATZ *Sidgwick & Jackson* £7.95
Jack Be Nimble by NIGEL WILLIAMS *Secker* £5.50
The Lizard's Tail by MARC BRANDEL *Secker* £5.95

V. S. Pritchett is one of several short story writers approaching their eightieth birthdays and with the Irish writers Sean O'Faolain and (the younger) Mary Lavin he is irrevocably associated with a form of short story handed down from Chekhov and Turgenev. In his case though it is pruned to the point of fine wit; Pritchett is for those who prefer their spirits neat, who can gently nudge humanity for its failures, who see the ridiculous side of adultery, the egocentricity of age, the innuendos in social life that fall flat, revealing more about those who have directed them than about those for whom they are intended.

His new collection *On the Edge of the Cliff* is brittle, snide, intensely humoured. An old man has a possessive affair with a young girl, one woman confronts another who's supposedly had an affair with her husband, an old lady seeks to convert young homosexuals to Jesus, the charade of adultery is carried out gracefully at social gatherings.

In one story about a megalomaniacal old vice-consul Pritchett says: 'The vice-consul was a sedentary man and longed to hear a fact.' In a way Pritchett's stories are about facts; they don't glamorise life, they hold the elements of life up to very close inspection. But I wondered as I read these stories, do they not owe more to O. Henry than to Chekhov? I can honestly say I was neither moved nor entertained. Pritchett is an excellent critic; he handles prose deftly; his satire provokes giggles. But does it have a heart? I hope that for some people it does.

Americans are getting good at looking back. Starting with Elizabeth Hardwick's *Sleepless Nights* we've had a spate of retrospective novels. The latest, *The Tree House Confessions* by James McConkey, is an excellent example of the genre. It succeeds because McConkey embraces what is partly a quasi-religious metaphor and what is partly an utterly convincing pretext, Saint Augustine's insight into the nature of God from the vantage-point of his own weaknesses. A young man dallies in his growth in America. We observe each of his stages. There are layers within layers in this novel, each remembered from a tree-house hide-out. A man partly loses his mind when his mother dies. He retreats to the tree-house hide-out of his dead son by his first wife. He knows his second wife is waiting, patient with him. Engrossed in the nature of death, he dedicates his memoirs to his second wife.

Resolution comes, as it can only come, through absolute confrontation with pain. The narrator descends from his tree-house hide-out, absolved because he had the humility to confess. James McConkey has risen above the ethos of the creative writing class, which we are told he gives, to create a powerful novel.

Sol by Mario Satz is a dream odyssey, a search for the secret of a boy's death, brother of the woman to whom the book is addressed. Along the path of this odyssey Satz diagnoses the way Jewish history influences and changes the ordinary things of life into glowing metaphors. Reaching its climax in Jerusalem, it embraces along its way politics, the Tarot, the lives of the international aesthetic fugitives who clamber about one another for a short while before dispersing:

> Our acts were unexpected migrations, the invention of rite, the consecration of foodstuffs and places, the deciphering of dreams, the creation of masks and clothing, the discovery of landscapes, internal and external wars.

Mario Satz, an Argentinian, has written a novel which could be an extension of a poem by Neruda. For me, although it could be much shorter, it succeeds marvellously because the author is true to his own dictum: 'Words are shooting stars and the men who pronounce them their true light.' Is it possible only for writers beyond this stagnant society to infuse language with some dignity?

Nigel Williams is a young British writer. His play opened in London last week. His first novel *My Life Closed Twice* won the Somerset Maugham Award. This novel contains a kind of odyssey too, a young Londoner making his way through a number of women, seeking his identity. Don't be fooled! This is not Herman Hesse at work but someone who treats everything on a trivial level. Such probably was the intention of the book. Its landscape I am familiar with. A number of the hero's mistresses set up a commune at 23 Sinclair Gardens W.14: I lived virtually next door. Nigel Williams has been much praised elsewhere: he is one of a number of young writers who has recently written about London, especially the dusky environs of West or North London. What baffles me about these writers for all their individual brilliance is how hollow-sounding the last notes in each of their work are. As I read Nigel Williams's novel I could not help but be haunted by David Hare's recent television play *Dreams of Leaving* which said more in my opinion in one short hour about London, the Sixties, the Seventies, the paraphernalia of the metropolitan scene, than Nigel Williams ever does.

The Lizard's Tail by Marc Brandel seems a novel about and for the kind of people who subscribe to the lonely hearts column of the *New York Review of Books*. Martin Trask, a successful cartoonist, with a wife and child is suddenly stricken down by fate, losing his right hand. He goes to California to teach art while his wife is seduced by a group investigating mysticism. Martin, despite the loss of his right hand, quickly has an affair with a young student. But suddenly fate strikes again. The young student disappears while his wife, who has come to see him for Christmas, is attacked by a knife. From its basic thriller plot it levitates into the realm of the metaphysical; is Martin the attacker of his wife and killer of the student? He's not sure. We're not sure, but Marc Brandel exhibits professional daring. There is a dryness hanging over his prose. Marc Brandel is a professional writer spawned by a society which admires professionalism. But he does have more, wit and occasional sharp and arresting prose, especially when he takes leaps into the realm of the metaphysical.

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Amputation of Limbs

MAURICE LINDSAY discusses the orchestra cuts proposed by the BBC last week

When it became known that the BBC intended to disband five of its eleven house orchestras, the epicentre of the whirlwind turned out to be over Scotland. The Midland and Northern Radio Orchestras are to go, along with the London Studio Players and the BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra, a total job loss of 1,500. Regrettable as is the removal of so many jobs from an already overcrowded profession, the demise of five orchestras cannot simply be measured in numerical terms.

In the English regions affected and in Northern Ireland, young musicians out to gain experience will no longer come up from the colleges of music, and consequently there is likely to be a shortage of competent instrumental teachers in these areas. Doubtless there will be other social effects in Northern Ireland, not noticeably rich in cultural advantage. From the BBC's point of view these cuts no doubt seem reasonable and rational within the Corporation's overall strategy and financial circumstances, and are probably not likely to meet with much sustained public protest. But the situation is entirely different where the BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra is concerned.

The only orchestra in the symphonic class under sentence, it was founded in 1935 under Ian White. It is the oldest of the Corporation's house orchestras except for the BBC Symphony Orchestra itself, for though the Northern Orchestra was founded three years earlier, for a long time it was an offshoot of, and entirely dependent upon, the Hallé. It is also the senior permanent orchestra in Scotland, the Scottish National Orchestra not having become a full-time body until 1950.

During its 45 years of continuous existence the BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra has provided a generous flow of music-making for the network as well as for Scotland. In recent years it has contributed approximately 120 hours annually to the Third Programme as against only 50 hours to Radio Scotland. Because it does not have to rely on box-office returns, it has been able to include in its programmes minor musical delights and more than one neglected masterpiece. During 1979 it broadcast some 50 new or newish British works, about a dozen of which were by Scottish composers. Performance opportunities for English composers are by no means overplentiful, but bitter experience has convinced Scottish composers that, whatever may be averred to the contrary, the chances of a London-based orchestra giving a first performance of a new Scottish piece are almost non-existent. Thus the disappearance of the BBC Scottish is likely to make it virtually impossible for a young Scottish composer to hear his own music. While most new pieces by composers of any nationality are unlikely ever to achieve a second performance, the removal of any performance link between composer and public is bound to have a stultifying effect on the climate of creativity, and cannot but be deplored.

In Glasgow, the Royal Scottish Academy of Music relies on the orchestra for a dozen or so of its instrumental teachers, a loss that cannot be made good by players from the more peripatetic Scottish National Orchestra. As graduates from this Glasgow college find their way into orchestras south of the border the effect of this situation will not be confined to Scotland. And in postwar years the BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra has provided the British musical scene with three outstanding conductors, each of whom served for two years as its assistant conductor: Sir Alexander Gibson, Sir Colin Davis and that outstanding younger conductor Simon Rattle. The current edition of the *Listener* was advertising this soon-to-be-vacant post the very week the cuts were announced: 90 applications had already been received.

Sir Alexander Gibson's role in advancing the quality of music-making in Scotland over the past 25 years – years that have seen the consolidation of the Scottish National Orchestra and the creation of Scottish Opera, Scottish Ballet, the Scottish Chamber Orchestra, the Scottish Baroque Ensemble and Cantilena – gives unquestionable authority to his view that:

> the removal of the BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra from Scottish musical life would be like the amputation of a limb, and would seriously damage the ability of Scotland to contribute fully to British musical life.

While news of the disbandment of the five orchestras was greeted in England with little more than mild dismay, in Scotland the furious reaction of the musical public made front-page headlines. The main target of a growing number of protests has been the BBC itself. Academics, councillors and musical administrators have united in urging the Corporation to keep its hands off music and make the cuts elsewhere. Unfortunately, the BBC's basic problem over its orchestras won't go away by wishing it on to something else, and so far nobody has come up with any workable alternative.

Rightly or wrongly, successive governments throughout the 70s have held to the view that public service broadcasting is in some mysterious way immune from the effects of inflation. Certainly raising the licence fee is hardly likely to win votes. It seems reasonable to suggest that the time has now come for the funding of the BBC to be brought up to an inflation-adjusted level, linked to the going inflationary rate and taken right outside the dogmas and doctrines of party politics.

Meanwhile, as a result of years of unwillingness to face up to the worsening financial plight of the BBC, the steady slippage of its revenue behind the inescapable actual costs of providing its services has culminated in the present crisis. What the BBC told the present government it needed was a licence fee of £35 against the background of 10% inflation. What it actually got was a licence fee of £34 to be held for more than two years against a present inflationary background of almost 20 per cent and likely to go higher.

Looked at from any rational viewpoint the position is simply absurd. For approximately 10p a day per household – not per person, but per household – the British people receive a choice of two BBC television channels (plus the Independent channel financed, like all advertising, out of the consumer's shopping basket) and five radio programmes. A recent survey of British habits tells us that the average household in these islands watches 17½ hours worth of television every week, and listens to more than five hours of radio. For this wide-ranging service every household pays daily the price of a stamp on one second class letter, or the tossed-down cost of one of the less expensive dailies. Newspapers periodically put up their prices to take account of inflation and remain in business, while the Post Office has recently increased its letter charges by 2p. The citizenry does not appear to be dropping dead in the streets with anguish over these necessary impositions. Why, then, should they object to paying an additional 2p per household to enable the BBC meet the additional cost of electricity, travel, postal charges, fuel and food, which, like everyone else, it cannot escape. An additional 2p per household per day is all that is needed to free the BBC from its artificially manufactured economic straitjacket.

Thus it is to the government and not to the BBC that protesters about these recent proposals should properly address themselves. If their expressions of public concern cannot bring about an official change of heart, then knocking the BBC will be useless.

BBC Scotland claims that it could not save the £1 million required of it – there is also a substantial cut to come from the running down over a two-year period of its educational service, archaically organised in the age of the video and aural cassette – other than by scrapping the orchestra or by virtually wiping out Radio Scotland, a course that would be unacceptable to an even greater number of listeners. Clearly, it is possible to buy in ready-made music from outside orchestras and ensembles in a way that the Corporation cannot buy sport, drama or current affairs. As part of the deal, if the present proposals are ratified, BBC Scotland will receive a substantial Music Fund for the sole purpose of purchasing outside Scottish music-making. The harsh fact of the matter is that many British listeners do not greatly care where their music comes from, or whether it is 'live' or 'canned'.

Unfortunately, further cuts may be on the way, in which case other orchestras could also find themselves under sentence. The BBC has yet to reach wages agreements with outside bodies like Equity and the Musicians Union. It has also soon to face its own employees. How safe, one wonders, is the Welsh Symphony Orchestra, unique in that two-thirds of its costs are met by the BBC and one-third by the Arts Council? Could that body, in real terms also suffering from an income cut, be willing or able to top up its share of a hefty wage settlement? And what about that Scottish survivor, the Scottish Radio Orchestra? Money apart, there are already those who maintain that a static popular music ensemble

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may not necessarily be the best way of meeting the demands of the constantly changing trends and fashions which control the entertainment world it serves.

The present threat to the BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra and its smaller brother orchestras might thus turn out to be merely the beginning of a movement which could fundamentally alter the role of cultural patronage of public service broadcasting in Britain. Is such a down-market change in a unique institution, admired and envied throughout the civilised world, really what the British people want?

Television

Eric Paice

Hobgoblin Energy

When I first saw an episode of the Milton Friedman show *Free to Choose* at a show case screening of independent television product last autumn, I was convinced that this offering from Michael Peacock's Video-Arts company had won the argument for granting the independent producers a share of the 4th Channel hands down. The Tory broadcasting lobby need no longer be be fearful that the new channel would be dominated by left-wing trendy rubbish – there was plenty of right-wing trendy rubbish in the pipeline.

But the current screening on Saturday nights by BBC-2 proves that it is still splendid entertainment. Friedman, first apostle of monetarism, is an accomplished performer. Whenever he feels he has scored a point in discussion he flashes a cheerful smile at the studio audience to signal the applause that will disconcert his opponents. I hope it will not be considered an offensive Dwarfist remark if I say that he reminds me of Happy in Snow White. All the world's economic problems can be put to right if only we all apply ourselves to self-sufficiency with manic hobgoblin energy and whistle while we work. In last Saturday's episode he set out to prove that the pre-war Wall Street crash need never have happened if the US Federal Reserve had stepped in to support the New York banks. Moments later he was back on his familiar theme that it is a cardinal sin for government to support families on welfare. One law, as Jack Jones pointed out, for the financiers, another for the poor. With luck, the series should kill the monetarist argument stone dead.

It is rare to see Melvyn Bragg looking cross, he is the most amiable of men. But Fay Weldon, fresh from wailing over Jane Austen's literary grave and provoking the normally unflappable Roy Plomley to actual rudeness in his Desert Island Disc paradise, was the woman most likely to achieve it. Having captured her for his *South Bank Show* he was determined to prove that her perfunctory dismissal of the male characters in her work was both unbalanced and unfair. Unblinking, she threw him off course by admitting it immediately; further claiming that she didn't really understand men and that men and women inhabit a different world. All he had to do at that point was take a toffee apple from his top pocket and a whole horde of her all-male offspring would have descended her Kentish Town stairs to give the statement the lie. But he hadn't thought to bring one, so returned to her public statements about Jane Austen. Was it not a mite arrogant to suggest that the heroine of a million 'A' level courses had left her work unfinished. and needed Ms Weldon to translate it to a mass public? 'But that happens to be true,' she said and proceeded to explain why. But he did not look in the least convinced.

The second half of the programme was devoted to Richard Hoggart, virtually the only academic on the box to discuss media matters in plain English. His subject was the dearth of television drama about Northern Ireland. His researchers had revealed that there were only about one and a half hours of drama a year on a subject that should be the dramatist's natural hunting ground. (Nearly all of it, incidentally, on the BBC). One Department Head had told him that this was automatically a 'switch-off' subject, but since one of the few plays to slip through the censorship net had clocked up an audience of 13 million, this was obvious nonsense. Others had told him that if a really fine play happened to turn up, they would certainly produce it. But that is the usual cop-out. In whose judgment will it be determined 'a fine play'? The only reliable test is an audience. And what about ordinary, mainstream drama? There is no shortage of writers who would like to deal with the subject given the slightest encouragement. The fear that drama will only inflame passions further is at the heart of company thinking. It never occurs to them it could have the opposite effect, helping to drain the emotional poison from the system by giving expression to pent up fears and hatred. A dozen experienced dramatists let loose on Northern Ireland could be far more effective in bringing understanding than the British army, and at far less cost. Peace through media feedback.

The week's regular drama output was dominated by the Beeb's two prestige spots – *The Dybbuk* on 1 and *The Tempest* on 2. Louis Marks's richly textured production of the Yiddish writer An-ski's lovely play was visually powerful and faithful to the narrative. Though there were a few bad joins in Jane Howell's adaptation, her direction was imaginative and inventive. Clive Thomas's lighting of the exteriors, with his clever use of fog filters proved once again that stylised sets (by Richard Henry, one of television's finest designers), sensitively lit, can beat filming any day. And with the cost of negative up to £40 a roll through the steep rise in silver nitrate, this has to be good news. A fine cast and a splendid debut for Giselle Wolf playing the reluctant bride torn apart by the dybbuk. One could understand his reluctance to leave her.

Wednesday night's production of *The Tempest* proved that the most effective way to produce Shakespeare for the box is to stand back and let the narrative tell its own tale without production gimmicks. If the bard represented himself in any of his own characters it is supremely in Prospero. Here is the playwright making his own farewell to the world, dismissing his muse and forgiving all his enemies. Michael Hordern, in the title role did him proud and must surely be in line to become our next theatrical knight. John Gorrie's direction was virtually flawless.

Although ITV's Armchair Thriller, *Fear of God*, was dramatised by Troy Kennedy Martin, it was often hard to find his signature on the first two episodes, certainly not in the main character, a television critic. This looked to me like a classic company confection – rootless, aimless and, at times, gormless. A shuffling Dr Who figure in a geriatric hospital dressing gown, Bryan Marshall, saddled with this unlikely house dummy used up all his three basic fright gestures reacting to the tired old studio format of creaking stairs, locked doors and a hyped-up music track where the piece was shouting out for the use of natural sound. 1950s' B Movie technique.

The Beeb did a far more honest job with their Play for Today, *A Gift from Nessus* on Thursday. Once again it was a dramatisation of a book (by William McIlvanney), but adaptor Bill Craig was left alone to tell the story in his own way. Apart from a few unnecessary instant flashbacks, he did it powerfully, cleanly and with polished dialogue. Ken Hutchison, as the lead, has a face that comes right out of the screen. His two amours, Alison Key and Elizabeth Bell, backed him up superbly. The production credits carried no script editor, which might well have explained the fine quality of the writing.

Julian Barnes returns 21 March.

Opera

Peter Conrad

Manic Privacy

Elektra *Metropolitan Opera, New York*

Scuffles in the snow among the all-night queue for standing room; a bombardment of bouquets and a blizzard of confetti from on high; videocameras preserving a legendary interpretation on tape – Birgit Nilsson's return to the Met as Elektra was an event as well as a performance. Age may have humanised this crustily indomitable singer, but it has not so far faulted that imperious voice. She still raps out Strauss's throat-tearing climaxes with an ease which is scornful, but her persona is no longer merely that of the superhuman shrew, intimidating all comers with barbs of icy sound. Now Nilsson emphasises Elektra's desperation not her grisly confidence, her immurement in fantasy not her bloody brutality. She began singing the opera with conductors like Solti and Böhm who relished Strauss's infernal uproar, and she used to take a malign delight in outsinging their tumultuous orchestras. These days she prefers conductors like Carlos Kleiber (as at Covent Garden in 1977) who restores to the score a weird lyrical grace and fleetness, or James Levine (in charge of the Met's revival) who also inhibits mere demonic noise and searches out the sorrow and pity in the music.

While other singers struggle to produce the notes, Nilsson's Elektra has energy in reserve to experiment with verbal nuances. She can sing delicately as well as brazenly, taunting Klytemnestra with her faint and eerie utterance of 'Göttin' or girlishly regretting her ravaged beauty in her scene with Orest. The

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curses are hurled forth like thunderbolts, but elsewhere Nilsson's vengeful and abrasive tone is mitigated by compassion or brightened by a mocking, mercurial humour. Her musical genius is joined to a profound dramatic intelligence. Nilsson's whole body acts out the character's torment. The blanched face is haggard with pain or twisted into grimacing sarcasm. The arms hang like weary dead weights in her depression or are raised in stabbing gestures of imprecation. Her final dance stumbles from frenzy into collapse.

The sovereign quality Nilsson confers on Elektra is a proud yet timid isolation. Her posture is always defensive, introverted, guarding a grim and manic privacy. Recognising Orest, her impulse is not to run towards him but to turn cowering away and cover her face. Imprisoned in her shame, she is disabled when her fantasy at last comes true. The first word Nilsson's Elektra utters, 'Allein', is less a lament than a statement of uncompromising principle. But in separating herself with such mad integrity from all other human beings, Elektra condemns herself to ineffectualness. She can prophesy revenge but needs a surrogate to perform it for her. Her victories are rhetorical only: the maids shoo her away from the prone Klytemnestra; Chrysothemis spurns her; Orest's tutor rebukes her. The humour which is so startlingly original a feature of Nilsson's Elektra is a reflex of the character's helplessness. Elektra is reduced to murdering in jest. Irony in Nilsson's performance enunciates both the character's unpitying detachment and her miserable impotence. She conducts her interview with Klytemnestra as a cruelly funny mimicry of a psychotherapeutic session. Absently fingering a strand of hair, she listens to the patient's recitation of her symptoms, and then, having counterfeited sympathy to gain her client's trust, destroys her by playing on the susceptibilities which have been exposed to her.

Yet even here Elektra's satisfaction is merely vocal. All she can do is sing about Klytemnestra's death in a spasm of inflamed fantasy: she can't cause that death, and even forgets to arm Orest with the axe she has saved for the occasion. Strauss is forcing the dramatic soprano to controvert and even parody herself. In the operas of Wagner, the heroic female voice is an instrument of will which can overrule reality. Isolde resurrects Tristan by singing the *Liebestod*, Brünnhilde justifies the wreckage of the world by singing about her own erotic sacrifice. But in *Elektra* the voice, for all its pealing ferocity, can do no more than describe its own ugly, unavailing fantasies – the pornography of violence in Elektra's preview of Klytemnestra's execution, or of sex in her frustrated wooing of Chrysothemis. The louder Elektra sings, the less she accomplishes. *Elektra* is at once an orgiastic postscript to Wagner, and a vicious, hollow parody of Wagner: a work in which sound and fury manifestly signify nothing. The heroine is Brünnhilde, changed from a goddess to a harmlessly obscene pathological victim. Greek myth has declined into Viennese psychoanalysis. Nilsson's Elektra acknowledges these days contradictions. Musically (as she plays it) the character is invincible; but dramatically she is shy, terrified, autistic.

The Met has supplied her with worthy partners. Mignon Dunn's Klytemnestra, sagging beneath her encrustations of jewels, does without the raddled depravity Astrid Varnay brings to the part: though haunted and pathetic, she is still a solicitous mother, longing to be reconciled to the daughter who first teases and then threatens her. By the generosity of her singing and the feverish intensity of her acting, Leonie Rysanek manages to promote the demure Chrysothemis to Elektra's equal and antagonist, as wilful as her sister and as near to hysteria. Her voice and Nilsson's have the same dazing power but, overlapping in duets, they express a contrariety of character. Nilsson's voice is spear- or laser-like, pointed, precise, aggressive; Rysanek's is radiant and rapturous, poured out freely, not aimed like a missile. In their final celebration of the revenge, the two voices are synonyms for different kinds of joy. Nilsson's is the sound of triumph, fanatical, unforgiving, self-destructive; Rysanek's is the sound of jubilation, swelling with gratitude and gratified love. They are a maenadic pair of singers, and together in *Elektra* they show what Nietzsche meant when he described Wagnerian opera as a resuscitation of Greek tragedy: as Strauss intended, they convert dramatic agony into musical ecstasy.

Theatre – 1

Benedict Nightingale

Wrinkled Stuff

The Loud Boy's Life by HOWARD BARKER *Warehouse*
Thee and Me by PHILIP MARTIN *Lyttelton*
Rose by ANDREW DAVIES *Duke of York's*

Members of the group of playwrights to which Howard Barker belongs tend to see themselves as oysters unlucky enough to be born into a world run by walruses and carpenters. Another Howard, this time surnamed Brenton, once put their more indignant feelings into the mouth of a young terrorist on the point of blowing up a Tory minister:

> Your nails, hair, little bits. And your mind. I am deeply in contempt of your English mind. There is BLAME THERE. That wrinkled stuff with the picture of English life in its pink, rotten meat. In your head. And the nasty tubes to your eyes that drip Englishness over everything you see. The good, glycerine humanity of your tears that smarms our ANGER. I am deeply in contempt of your FUCKING HUMANITY. The goo, the sticky mess of your English humanity that gums up our ears to your lies, our eyes to your crimes . . .

Brenton's affection for the present management of this blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England, is clearly not considerable; yet he and his abler colleagues often have the detachment, honesty, justice, call it what you will, to distinguish between their opponents' individual characteristics and the public roles that finally trap and define them. A man can be personally sympathetic, even attractive, and socially iniquitous. He can have what seem to him good moral reasons for

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doing something that appals the rest of us. As David Edgar's *Destiny* put it, he can have genuine grievances, and join the National Front.

It sounds an obvious enough point, and Barker himself seemed to accept it in *Stripwell*, which was about a dissatisfied and faintly demonic judge, and in *That Good Between Us*, one of whose principals was a Labour Home Secretary wanly distraught to find herself letting Special Branch interrogate dissidents in 'real depth'. But his work has been getting more uncompromising of late. In his *Love of a Good Man*, a mother's grief for her slaughtered son was seen as a gaudy piece of upper-crust showmanship; and in *Loud Boy* her spiritual cousins are everywhere in evidence. Nobs picnic on champagne in Greenwich Park, enthusiastically watching a firework display that turns out to be the Blitz of London, and speculating about their privileges in the Nazi slave-state all of them expect and some appear to welcome. A few decades on, and their political heirs are at a City dinner organised by a secret society as eccentric as it's evil and powerful. First, they expose their own sexual chauvinism, misogyny and (perhaps) homosexuality by satirically miming women *in flagrante* on the table top. Then, they display other varieties of chauvinism by trying to buy the services of their guest of honour, who might be called Enoch Powell, but is actually half-camouflaged as one Ezra Fricker. Only his demagogic wiles, it seems, can bring them the fascist utopia they all sottishly crave.

It is a paranoid vision, and surely a self-indulgent one. It may be pleasant to think of your social enemies as monsters from the dark lagoon rather than as fellow-members of the human species; but it is unlikely to help you analyse or explain them very usefully. There are, no doubt of it, purposeful plays to be written about Powell and Fricker, plays exploring their backgrounds, motives, prejudices, the progress of their careers, the nature of their public appeal. Unluckily, they hold no interest for Mr Barker in his present mood. He is content to dismiss Fricker himself as a Bible-toting megalomaniac, and to leave us to infer his precise political beliefs from the inexplicable excitement that Clive Merrison, who plays him with bunched shoulders, a truculent stare, and a high, messianic rasp, manages to provoke in his fellow-actors. To understand all is not, let me agree, to forgive all; but to try to understand something is a necessary prelude for a playwright who plans to condemn his main character and convince us he's right to do so. *Loud Boy* has its vivid moments, and at times it also has the energy of its social disgust: it just doesn't bother to be believeable.

If one thing doesn't get us, another will. *Thee and Me* occurs some 50 years after the social cataclysm Mr Barker seems to be promising at his play's end, in a Yorkshire reduced by meteorological disaster into scrub, abandoned water pipes and stage stand. All is changed, and not enough is changed. Ignore such inessential details as the marriage rites the sweaty survivors have evolved for themselves, and, for much of the evening, you're left with something hardly more futuristic than a workaday tale about the love-lives of dirt-farmers in a drought-stricken corner of the patriarchal mid-West. Not until 'civilisation' belatedly appears in the form of a demure young black from the grimly collectivist city-state beyond the Pennines does the play's scope broaden; and even then the promised conflict between the only alternatives apparently still available, brute self-help and the human battery-farm, seems pretty cursory and implausible. I'm unable to say if the title is borrowed from the old story of the American Quaker who told his wife that 'everyone in the world is mad except thee and me, and sometimes I wonder about thee': but Leonard Maguire brings the same fierce assurance and self-obsessed zeal to the main part, a family tyrant turned tribal leader. It would be nice, though, if his and his brood's deep-northern diphthongs were a bit more coherent. One doesn't expect to find exiles from remoter reaches of the auditorium nabbing nearby seats at half-time, in hopes they may actually be able to hear.

Rose is about a frustrated infant-school teacher in awe of a chum tough enough to tell her feller to clear out, and was evidently written with someone softer in mind than Glenda Jackson, whom we last saw with teeth bared and arms akimbo, hurling knives at Antony's messenger. Yet, once this faint improbability is swallowed, there's much to like: nicely taken encounters between Glenda and her mum, whose idea of fun is mainly misery; some hilarious school prayers, with a boot-faced headmistress glowering at a sketchily improvising Glenda; her date with a glad-eyed school inspector, to whom she quaintly relates every detail of their coming affair, thus proving it pointless; a last-ditch clash with her disintegrating spouse, who promises suicide if she takes away the children. The play is sometimes over-conscious of its good liberal credentials; but it's observant, and amusing, and, at the end, honest enough to admit that one person's self-fulfilment may be another's doom.

Theatre 2

A. S. Byatt

Shared Joy

Art and Eros by IRIS MURDOCH *National Theatre*

In 1977 Iris Murdoch published *The Fire and the Sun – Why Plato banished the artists*. Michael Kustow had the inspired idea of inviting her to write her own Platonic dialogue on the subject, to be staged as a platform performance at the Olivier Theatre. The speakers sit in wicker armchairs that look as though they are left over from the endless talk of some Chekhov play, and wear modern dinner-jackets, which convey the impression, both of some modern Senior Common Room, and, more strongly, of the serious and civilised talk of Jowett's Oxford, haunted by his strong and singing translation of the civilised talk of Plato's dialogue. The characters have been to see a play: behind them in the dark is the dull glitter of a chandelier and some reaching gilt carved forms, presumably from *Amadeus*.

Besides Socrates and Plato himself the cast includes Callistos, a beautiful youth, played with a mostly innocent charm by Robin McDonald, Acastos, a serious youth (also beautiful) played by Adam Norton, and two older men, Mantias, a political man, and Dexiimenes, a cynical man, both neatly characterised by Anthony Douse and Michael Beint. All the characters, despite their disagreement about the value and purpose of art, are extraordinarily amiable and agreeable, which is one of the most important facts about the work.

Orchestrated by Socrates the characters offer definitions of art. Callistos says it is moving, exciting, and is brought to agree that it is sexy. Acastos says art is a mode of telling truth and seeing what is good. Deximenes says art is lies and fantasy. Matias, something of an outsider, argues that art is an instrument of politics, and instances the communal fervour of the theatre audience. It is a pity he has not more to say, as our modern fear of art has much to do with fear of its exploitation by, or helplessness before, the State. Plato, who has been silently scribbling, frowning and refusing to be drawn, then joins the group and makes an impassioned speech against art.

The speech explores the ambiguous and ambivalent relations between the work of art and the human desire for beauty and goodness which produces it. Its matter is familiar to students both of Iris Murdoch and of Plato, whose puritanical austerity about art she has treated sympathetically and compared to the attitudes of Kant and Tolstoy. Art, Plato argues, is, as Deximenes says it is, lies and fantasy. It is powerful because it springs from Eros, a biological force of some violence which can lead us not only to desire truth, clarity and knowledge, but also to seek out pain, humiliation, even spite. Philosophy also, the desire for truth and goodness, also springs from Eros, but relies on other, superior, rational appeals to men's minds. In *The Fire and the Sun* Iris Murdoch says that Plato's objections to art are fundamentally religious. 'Art is dangerous because it apes the spiritual and subtly disguises and trivialises it. Art delights in unsavoury trivia and in the endless proliferation of senseless images (television). Art is playful in a sinister sense, full of a spiteful amused acceptance of evil, and through buffoonery and mockery weakens moral discrimination.' Greg Hicks's Plato, sullen in silence, becomes eloquent in speech on this theme, almost theatrical, and rouses Socrates's ironic and affectionate applause.

It is clear from her writings that Iris Murdoch partly shares Plato's view. In an essay 'On Good and Good' she has said that Freud, whom she compares with Plato, has given us a modern model of original sin in his own vision of Eros, of the psyche as 'an egocentric system of quasi-mechanical energy, . . . whose natural attachments are sexual, ambiguous and hard for the subject to understand or control'. But Socrates, played with the necessary mocking, sane, charismatic authority by Andrew Cruikshank, defends art against Plato's idealistic harshness. We are incomplete: our modes of thinking and knowing may have to be incomplete too.

In *The Fire and the Sun* Iris Murdoch finally defends art against Plato and Tolstoy. 'Art is a special discerning exercise of intelligence in relation to the real; and although aesthetic form has essential elements of trickery and magic, yet form in art, as form in philosophy, is designed to communicate and reveal.' All her novels contain elements of this debate about art and morals. Perhaps one of the most revealing is the lesson on *Hamlet* proffered by the desperate hero of *The Black Prince* (him-

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self a prey to Eros) to the girl who is the object of his desire. Shakespeare, he claims, is good enough to make art, truthful, revealing art, out of the self-regarding trickeries of the private Eros. 'Shakespeare here makes the crises of his own identity into the very central stuff of his art. He transmutes his private obsessions into a rhetoric so public that it can be mumbled by any child. He enacts the purification of speech, and yet also this is something comic, a sort of trick, like a huge pun, like a long, almost pointless joke.'

At the end of *Art and Eros* Plato, talked out, declares surprisingly 'I feel so happy.' The characters embrace all round and leave the stage, conveying, deliberately, the impression that the fact of their, particularly Socrates's, presence is more complex than the simple sum of the parts they have spoken. Socrates, as a parting shot, begs Plato not to 'write it all down'. Callistos, mockingly, but with warmth, quotes, repeatedly and dramatically, the invocation from the first chorus of the *Agamemnon* 'Zeus, whoever you are . . .'

This form, I think, is a verbal joke embodying a truth, on the part of the artist/philosopher Iris Murdoch. Plato, she tells us, suspected the written word – wisdom is in incarnate speech, in dialogue and memory, in *spoken* philosophy – 'Writing spoils the direct relationship to truth in the present.' What we have just seen, in a theatre, is a paradox, a play, in *written* words, demonstrating the joy of the moment of philosophical talk and its revelation. It invokes the further paradox of the art of the Platonic dialogue, and of the 'divine grace' of the chorus of the *Agamemnon* which Iris Murdoch says 'reminds us somehow of Plato, who remained (it appears) so scandalously indifferent to the merits of Aeschylus. (A case of envy?)' This Plato threatens to tear up his poems.

As a member of the audience I too felt curiously joyful – with the kind of joy I once felt having read several volumes of Jowett's Plato, a joy that it is worth thinking so hard, and possible to do it, and to share it.

Music

Andrew Clements

Magic Mirror

Doktor Faust *Festival Hall/Radio 3*

The BBC may have hired Michael Gielen to carry the burden of conducting most of its contemporary music, but he is already displaying other equally invaluable interests. One of the themes of his spell as the BBCSO's principal guest conductor is to be the Faust legend: last season he conducted Schumann's *Scenes from Goethe's Faust* and in December Liszt's *A Faust Symphony*. Now, most valuable of all, he has given a concert performance of Busoni's unfinished opera *Doktor Faust*, well prepared, with Gunther Reich as Faust and a solid, if sometimes unexciting supporting cast. *Faust* occupied so much of Busoni's time in the last 15 years of his life that it's tempting to regard the opera as the peak of his creative achievement, the final crystallisation of so much aesthetic theorising that had previously stood in the way of a spontaneous compositional style. Busoni completed the full score up to Faust's final monologue; the remainder was supplied by Philipp Jarnach, long-time friend and collaborator, and the work first staged at Dresden in 1925, almost a year after the composer's death. The beginnings of the project were not Goethe, but the older German puppet play on the legend; Busoni's early ideas included the character of Kasperle (a kind of Teutonic Harlequin), but equally the opera could have turned into many different subjects. In 1913 he considered abandoning *Faust* and returning to a work based on Oehlenschläger's *Aladdin*, or to a draft libretto on the subject of the Wandering Jew, or to Goethe's sequel to *The Magic Flute*. *Faust* won however; the libretto was completed in the same year, and composition of the music continued up until his death.

Yet despite the carefully considered preparation, *Doktor Faust* remains an unwieldy theatrical experiment. It comes equipped with its own theoretical prologue, intended by Busoni to be read over the orchestral prelude; this gives an idea of his private theory of opera:

> If it is not to become a distorting mirror, (the stage) must act fairly and truly as a magic mirror. Grant that the stage only lowers the value of what is true, it can then do full justice to the incredible, and though you may laugh at drama judging it as reality, it will compel you to seriousness if you regard it as mere play.

The prologue also reminds the listener of the puppet play in the background, unconsciously perhaps also warning him not to expect human involvement from the action; Busoni intended the set for the opening of the opera to display a painted puppet show with the characters ranged upon it. Shorn of its theatrical trappings however, the opera emphasises the curious lop-sidedness of its construction. Much of the first half of the evening is taken up by preparatory action: two prologues and an intermezzo that introduce the characters, establish Faust's bargain with Mephistopheles and show Mephistopheles working on his master's account, murdering before a cathedral crucifix, the brother of a girl Faust has seduced. Thereafter the main action of the opera falls into three scenes. Faust attends the court of Parma and elopes with the Duchess in the first. The second takes place a year later when Faust has returned to Wittenberg; a messenger (Mephistopheles) brings a memento from the now dead Duchess – the body of a new-born child, which Mephistopheles burns to yield a vision of Helen of Troy; Faust learns that at midnight his time is up. In the final scene Faust receives the real body of his dead child and transfers to it his own spirit; as midnight strikes, a youth arises out of the child's body and Mephistopheles claims Faust.

Edward Dent described *Doktor Faust* as moving 'on a plane of spiritual experience far beyond that of even the greatest musical works for the stage', combining 'the simplicity of the puppet plays with something of the concentrated agony of Marlowe.' *Parsifal* is evoked; but Busoni's method of construction is far removed from the Wagnerian concept of music-drama. He despised the Wagnerian ethos and its imitators; instead of through-composed scenes *Doktor Faust* marks, if not a return to the number opera, a concentration on closed forms. The second prologue is a massive series of six variations, each one representing one of the flames that Faust questions to reveal Mephistopheles; the first scene is a great celebration of the court of Parma, with pageant and ballet, a procession of huntsmen and a fencing display. The approach has parallels with Berg's operas; but where Berg uses closed forms to enhance the dramatic shape of each scene, in *Faust* it's difficult not to feel that the effect is artificial, that once again Busoni's concern for theoretical premises has hindered his natural response to the dramatic situation.

This is one reason why *Doktor Faust* is ultimately so unsatisfying as a dramatic work, however fascinating the mechanics of its intellectual constructs. More important, though, is the music itself. There is no consistent musical personality to be heard: parallels with better known composers – from Schoenberg even to William Walton – are continually thrown up, but where is Busoni himself? The opening prelude is a skilful evocation of tolling bells; the second prologue works in settings of the *Credo* and *Gloria*, linking it through the liturgy to the Intermezzo, in which the orchestral texture is dominated by an organ (one way in which the concert performance scored over any stage presentation was in this scene – no opera-house organ could dominate in the way that the Festival Hall instrument can). But when in the second scene Busoni leans heavily on the Lutheran chorale *Ein feste Burg*, the effect is bathetic, appearing to be a simple abdication of the composer's role in the face of complex expressive demands. The lightness of much of Busoni's orchestration is always admirable; it is essentially Italianate rather than Germanic, a kaleidoscope of effects precisely imagined. But afterwards it remains obstinately unmemorable; *Doktor Faust* may create a self-consistent world while one is listening to it, but it fades too quickly into a respected, dusty museum piece.

John Coleman returns 14 March.

Weekend Competition

No 2607 **Set by E. O. Parrott**

You all remember Dean Swift's 'Modest Proposal'. Can we have extracts from equally ingenious modest proposals (in the Dean's style, natch) to solve the modern problems of juvenile delinquency, picketing, cuts in education and social services, abortion law changes and so on. Up to 150 words of finely limned prose by 14 March.

No 2604 **Set by Maud Gracechurch**

Really gloomy versions of 'cheer up' songs.

Report **By Fat Jeff**

Some of you seem to have taken Maud's instructions too seriously: the idea was that your songs would be *so* gloomy that they might raise a smile. Bill Greenwell got it absolutely right (and enclosed a suitable gratuity) so I've decided to award seven quid to him and six each to the others. The entries are much more entertaining if you actually sing them, so I've affixed to each the name of the tune which should accompany it. Deep breath, tonsils akimbo, and off we go. . .

Bring Me Sunshine

Bring me sunburn, bring me piles,
Bring me tapeworm, miles and miles:
In this world where we live, it's just one big

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crappy mess,
Every day simply brings us some brand new
frightful horror –
Make it snappy, I've no fears,
All my rent is in arrears –
May a sniper hit his mark with a gun from up
above,
Bring the van round, send a man round, kill me
gu-uv!

Bring me handcuffs, I'll stand trial,
Bring me poison in a phial,
If this life's heaven-sent, how was I supposed to
guess?
When you say 'pay the rent', I must beg or steal
or borrow –
I'm not happy, can't say 'cheers'
When you bribe my mind with beers –
Euthanasia sounds fine, so be kind to me,
my love –
When I'm drifting near a cliff-top, give me a
sho-ove!

BILL GREENWELL

Oh What a Beautiful Morning

Oh what a miserable morning
Oh what a terrible day
My employer's just made me redundant
My bird's in the family way.

My landlord is camped on the doorstep
He claims I'm six months in arrears
My father's run off with a schoolgirl
My best friend's been given ten years.

Oh what a depressing morning
Oh what a horrible day
My sister-in-law is hysterical
She's discovered my brother is gay.

My mother is suffering from cancer
I hear that my grandfather's died
My case comes up in the morning
But I think I'll do better inside.

JONATHAN BATES

My Favourite Things

Smoke-blackened corpses and children with
scabies,
Dog-bites that fester and turn into rabies,
Flocks of wild sea-birds with oil on their wings,
These are a few of my favourite things.

When the rat bursts, when the drains block,
When the Marmite smells bad,
I simply remember my favourite things,
And then I don't feel so glad.

Gangrenous knee-joints and motorway smashes,
Jet-planes that crash and get burned to grey
ashes,
Hideous plague-sores and poisonous stings,
These are a few of my favourite things.

When the cat chokes, when the nose bleeds,
When the jerbils go mad,
I simply remember . . . etc., etc.

ALASDAIR ALLDRIDGE

Pack Up Your Troubles

Are all your troubles more than somewhat, chum?
Then you can bet
That round the corner there is worse to come,
You ain't seen nothing yet!
There's no use in waiting for
A new and better day,
So, what can you fellows do to go and chase
The blues away?

You have a flutter on the dogs and gees,
And end up broke;
Then there's the bogey of a lung disease
If you dare to smoke.
What's the use of anyfink?
There's no more to be said,
So, drown all your sorrows and yourself in drink
And drop down dead.

A. J. WYBORN

Tony Miles

Chess

No 170 **Surprise Victory**

The recent Soviet championship produced an astonishing result. The field was, as ever, very strong; the pre-tournament favourite was undoubtedly Tal after his fantastic results over the past year, and if he failed then the other established stars like Romanishin, Vaganian, Balashov, Belyavsky and Tseshkovsky would certainly be in the hunt. Also the younger contingent of former junior champions, Dolmatov, Jusupov and Makarichev, and the prodigious Kasparov could be relied upon to produce a few surprises.

Indeed the youngest player did start sensationally, winning his first three games, but then he slowed down and was overhauled by Kupreichik, better known as Tal's second, who won five in a row to score 5½/7. (Tal in the meantime was still on 50%.) It was only in the eighth round that the real sensation began to unfold. Romanishin, who at this point had 4½/7, lost to the veteran Geller who up to then had drawn all his games. Geller at 54 and with a series of disasters during the last two years must have started prime candidate for last place but this win seemed to inspire him. One by one the points rolled in, five more wins and two draws from his next seven took him into a clear lead and he duly coasted home with 11½/17, a full point ahead of Jusupov (10½) with Kasparov and Balashov (10) sharing third. This was Geller's second Soviet championship win – the first was in 1955!

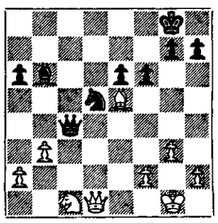
White: E. Geller **Black: Y. Anikaev**

1.P-K4, P-QB4; 2.N-KB3, P-K3; 3.P-Q4, PxP; 4.NxP, N-KB3; 5.N-QB3, P-Q3; 6.B-K2, B-K2; 7.0-0, 0-0; 8.P-B4, N-B3; 9.B-K3, P-QR3; 10.P-QR4, B-Q2; 11.B-B3, N-QR4?! Fishy. more reliable is 11 . . .NxN; 12.QxN, B-B3 or 11 . . . Q-B2. **12.Q-K2, Q-B2; 13.P-KN4! KR-B1?** The wrong rook. This one is required on KB1. Either . . . QR-B1 or N-B5 was preferable. **14.P-N5, N-K1; 15.P-B5, N-B5; 16.B-R5, P-KN3; 17.PxNP, BPxP; 18.Q-B2! N-K4.** Forced. **19.N-B3, N-N2; 20.NxN, R-B1; 21.N-B7, NxB?** Up to here Black has made the best of a bad job. 21 . . .PxB was necessary. Now Geller finishes beautifully:- **22.N-Q5! PxN; 23.N-R6ch, K-N2; 24.Q-B7ch! RxQ; 25. RxRch, K-R1; 26.B-Q4ch, B-B3; 27.RxB!** Resigns. On . . .N-N2; 28.R-B7, R-KN1; 29.BxNch mates.

A tournament book containing all the games, many annotated by the players, is available from The Chess Player, 12 Barton Avenue, Carlton, Nottingham.

Problem 170

Black to play. How should the game go? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked no later than 19 March.

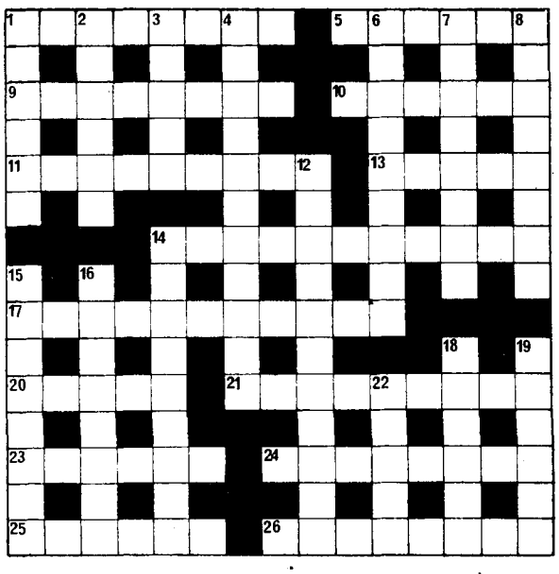


Solution to problem 168

1.RxP!! (threatening R-R8ch) NxR (if . . .RxR 2.BxNch wins); 2.Q-N5! (with the twin threats of Q-Q8ch and QxN-R8), N-B2; 3.Q-Q8ch!! NxQ; 4.P-R6! Resigns! There is no defence to P-R7ch.

Weekend Crossword 1335

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1335, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 18 March.



ACROSS

1 Spells of hypocritical talk with tears (8).
5 Demanding as a man in authority (6).
9 Structural although caught with the weight in the middle (8).
10 Bill for correspondent? (6).
11 Distorted aspirates met in the provinces (9).
13 Compass needed for a morning in the channel (5).
14 I get married without someone to copy (11).
17 Heroine who has dark time in storm (11).
20 Afterwards in hospital a terrible epidemic broke out (5).
21 Latest lie processed for a new means of communication (9).
23 Easy chance for model (6).
24 Fear figs are bad for animals (8).
25 Calm though possibly nineteen (6).
26 Make an end of Edward in his cell? (8).

DOWN

1 Smartest copper on trial (6).
2 Degree of precision used in Germanic etymological studies (6).
3 She conceals a hoard (5).
4 Ruler of an ancient land power longs for islands (11).
6 Gallico's bird (9).
7 I am in league with this man (8).
8 Treat dog badly when put to death (8).
12 Wench corrupts stranger, 56 (7,4).
14 Cross and bury the religious (9).
15 Separates into component parts as sanely as possible (8).
16 Upset in having to drag it a tedious distance (8).
18 Out of place if returning in bad visibility (6).
19 Upset although possibly twenty-five (6).
22 What the wheelbarrow holds for a gardening expert (5).

SETSQUARE

Solution to Salamanca 27

T	H	E	P	O	O	H	K	A	N	G	A	
R	E	P	A	N	D	E	N	T	A	I	L	
E	R	A	S	E	E	F	E	T	E	R	M	
E	E	Y	O	R	E	F	I	E	R	O	O	
S	T	R	E	S	P	A	S	S	E	R	S	
G	I	O	R	G	I	L	L	U	T	C	S	T
T	C	L	T	E	P	U	P	S	H	O	T	
S	A	L	I	N	O	M	E	T	E	R	S	
O	W	L	G	T	L	P	I	G	L	E	T	
B	I	U	G	L	I	E	R	N	O	D	E	
A	L	L	E	E	S	W	I	N	N	I	E	
R	E	A	R	S	M	U	S	I	C	A	L	

Asterisked clues (and answers) referred to A. A. Milne's Winnie-The-Pooh stories.

Prizewinners to Salamanca 27

Kate Pugh (St Austell)
Andy Macknally (Rochdale)
G. M. Stubbs (Billericay)

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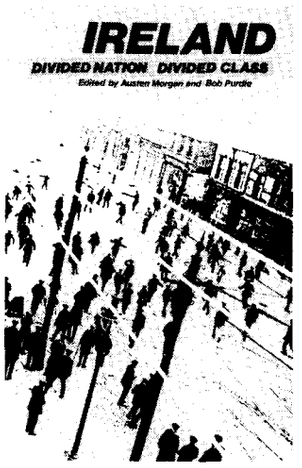

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NATIONAL THEATRE. 928 2252. 'Richard III', 'Othello', 'Death of a Salesman', 'When We Are Married', 'Thee & Me', 'The Iceman Cometh'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 928 2256.

Cinema

SCREEN ON THE HILL. 435 3366 (opp. Belsize Park Tube), 'My Brilliant Career' (U). Progs. 3.20, 5.20, 7.20, 9.20.

Poetry

MATCHLIGHT, 'British Poetry Today', Orangery, Holland Pk, 7.15 p.m. 13 Mar. Edward Lowbury/Pauline Sitwell (+ Edith Sitwell). 01-352 7409.

Meetings

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THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for pamphlets, book list, programme. Sun. 9 Mar, 8 p.m. Open Q/A Meeting 'Psychic Laws & Phenomena', ULT, 62 Queen's Gdns, London W2.

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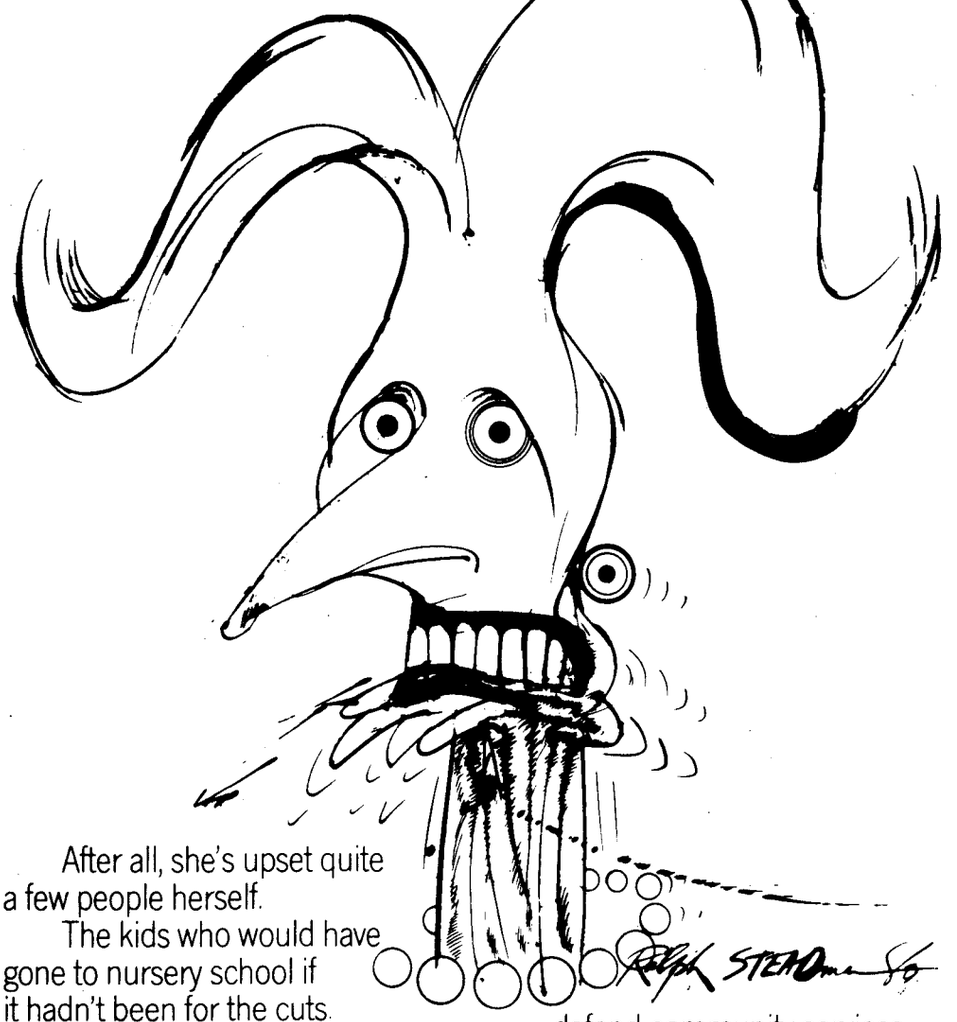

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